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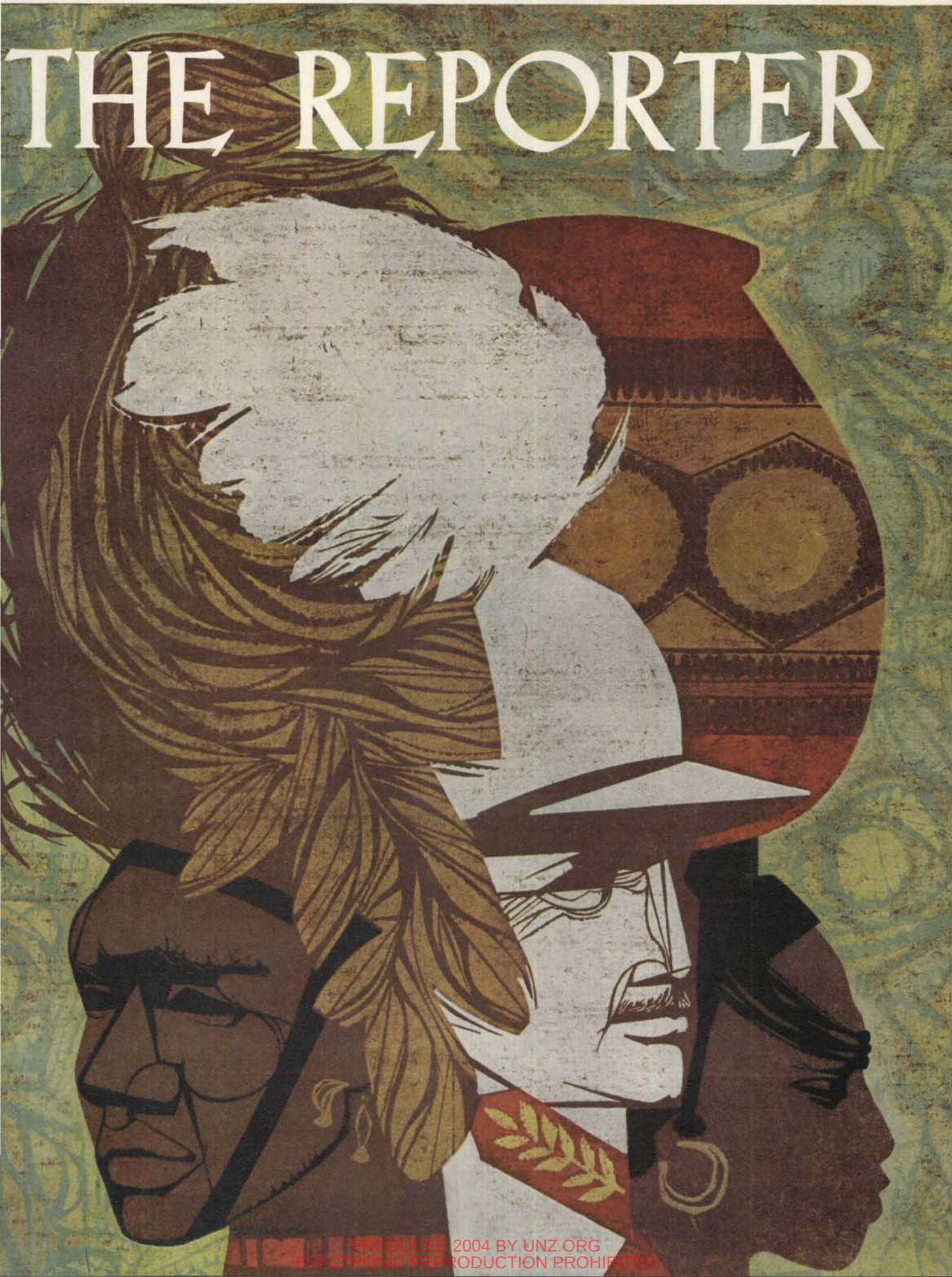
April 9, 1964 35¢

Tanganyika: The Tribulations of a Good Man

THE REPORTER



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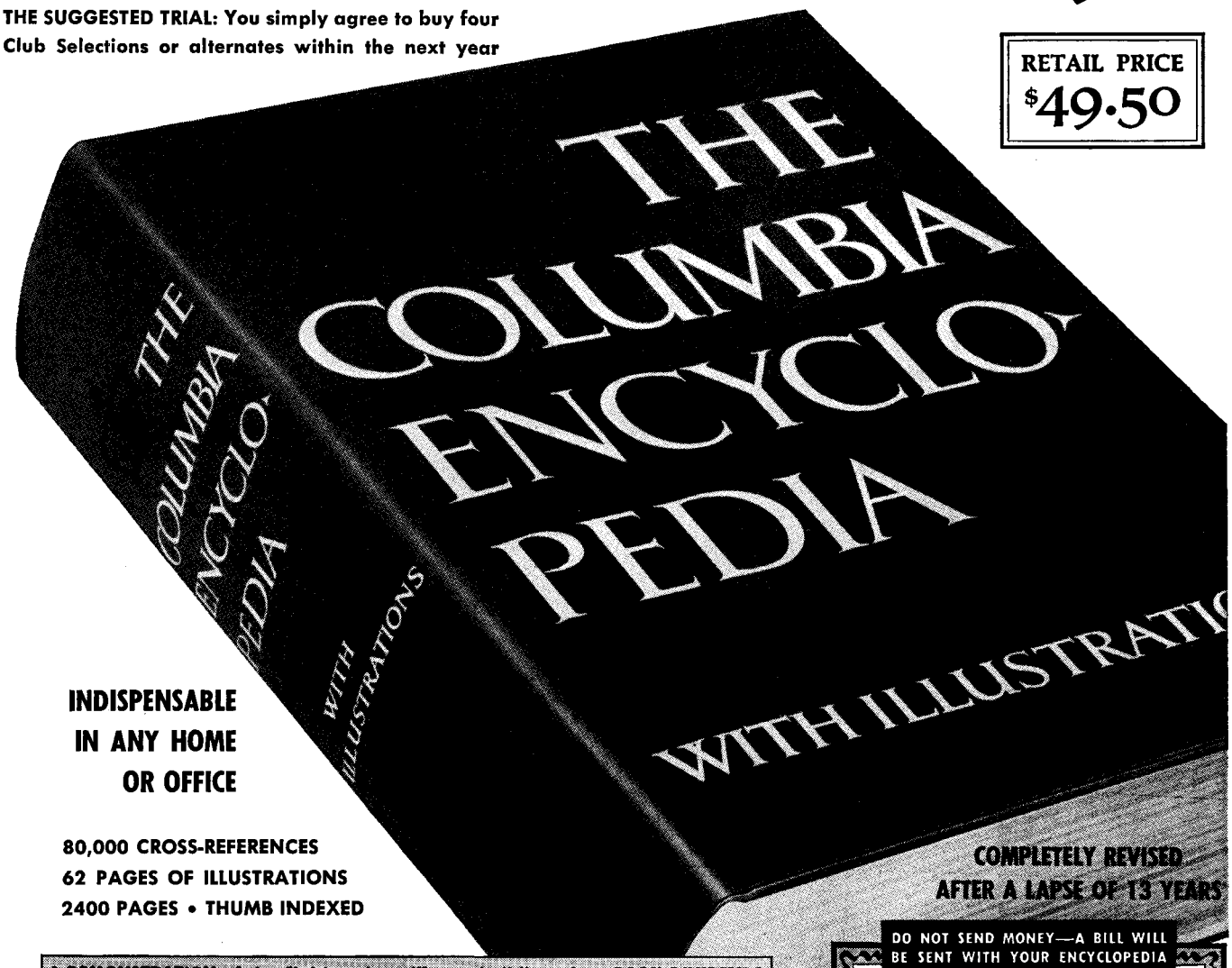

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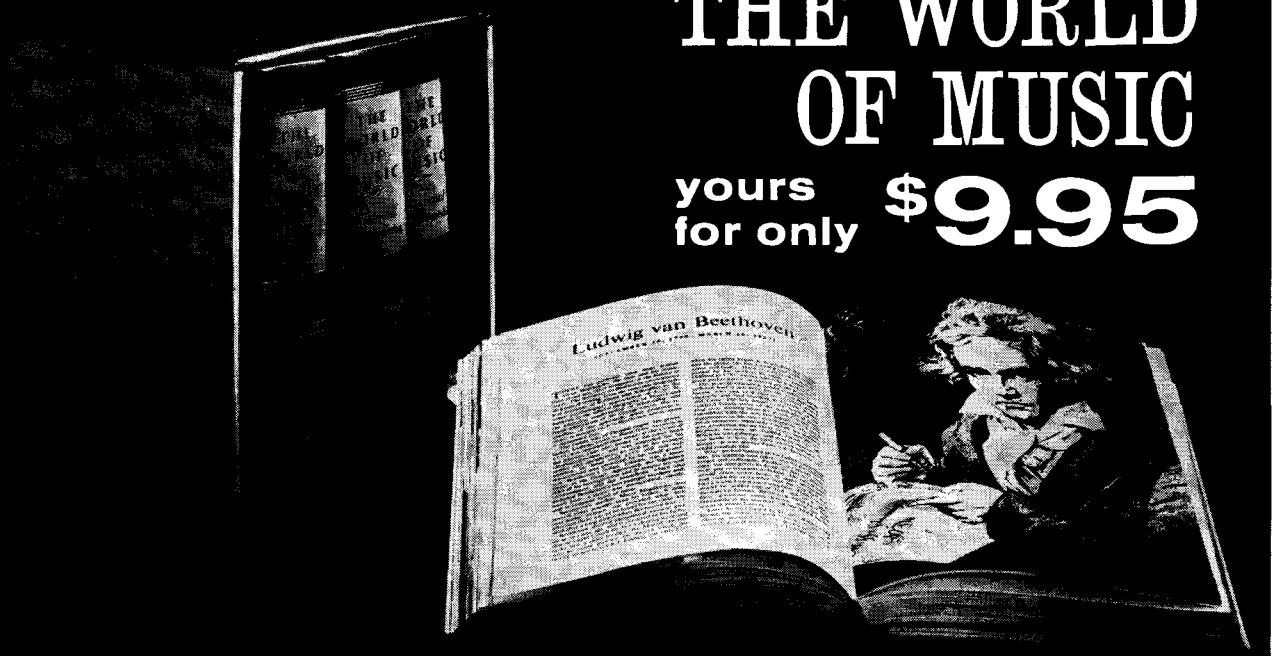

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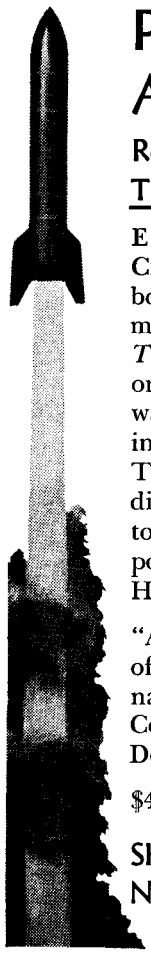

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

WHILE more important matters await the Johnson administration's attention, Washington has been preoccupied in recent weeks with two problems that have consumed an inordinate amount of time and energy: Panama and the Baker investigation. Both are irritants rather than crises and are matters that ought to have been settled long ago. Instead, the White House, by failing to take a decisive and consistent stand on the Panama dispute, allowed it to degenerate into a petty semantic wrangle that we sought once again to have settled for us by an international body, the OAS. The Senate, by stubbornly refusing to adopt clear conflict-of-interest standards, found itself snared in an influence-peddling "scandal" embarrassing to the Democrats. Both issues demonstrate a pervasive softness in the capital that is more a cause for concern than either of these symptomatic problems themselves. **Philip Geyelin,** a staff reporter for the *Wall Street Journal,* covered the Panama story in Washington and in Panama. The Baker case is reviewed by **Laurence Stern,** a reporter on the Washington *Post* and **Erwin Knoll,** a correspondent for Advance News Service, who followed the hearings for their editors.

ADDRESSING the National Press Club in Washington on July 15, 1963, President Julius K. Nyerere of Tanganyika said he still regarded it as a "dangerous game" for African states to seek outside military assistance. But the path to independence is often easier than the road that lies beyond. Thus, when a mutinous battalion seized Dar es Salaam, the capital, in January, Nyerere reluctantly asked the British to restore order. It was, as our Mediterranean correspondent, **Claire Sterling,** points out, a bitterly humiliating experience for a newly independent nation. And now the distrust in the post-mutiny period, together with the advent of a Communist-oriented government in nearby Zanzibar, has raised new and formidable problems for this gentle philosopher-president. . . . With today's automation, the sprawling factory-town aspect of Detroit is disappearing. The new Detroit, headed by an optimistic mayor, Jerome P. Cavanaugh, is described by **Thomas R. Brooks,** a free-lance writer and former assistant labor editor of *Business Week.* . . . Most Americans would have difficulty understanding why the Russians sentenced a woman in Siberia last fall to a year in prison for feeding her livestock eighteen loaves of bread. But her crime, according to **Joseph M. Hochstein,** is part of a growing pattern behind the Iron Curtain that includes such diverse activities as the secret manufacture of movies, clandestine home construction, the disappearance of Karelia's timber crop, and the payment of royalties to a poet who has been dead for eight centuries. These are only a few elements of a huge underground traffic that may well be an essential lubricant in the Soviet economy. Mr. Hochstein is State Department correspondent of the Newhouse Newspapers. . . . The news from Saigon seems to grow darker with each successive headline. **Denis Warner,** an Australian journalist on assignment for *The Reporter* in Southeast Asia, went to the Mekong Delta to assess the military developments in that strategic battleground of "the war that can't be won." Mr. Warner's latest book on South Vietnam, *The Last Confucian,* was published by Macmillan.

ANTHROPOLOGIST, teacher, and writer, **Oscar Lewis** has studied Indians in Canada, farmers in Texas, workers in the Cuban sugar fields, villagers in India, peasants and city dwellers in Mexico. He first went to Mexico in 1943 and the people of that land have been his major interest ever since. Currently on leave from the University of Illinois, he is engaged in a comparative study of the culture of poverty in Puerto Rico and New York. . . . Our Chilean artist, **Fernando Krahn,** provides a variant on a military stratagem employed in *Macbeth.* . . . **Tom F. Driver,** our drama critic, teaches at Union Theological Seminary and is the author of *The Sense of History in Greek and Shakespearean Drama.* With Robert Pack, he has edited *Poems of Doubt and Belief,* which Macmillan has just published. . . . Oxford University Press will publish in April a collection of **M. L. Rosenthal's** poems entitled *Blue Boy on Skates.* . . . **Moses Hadas** is Jay Professor of Greek at Columbia University and chairman of the department of Greek and Latin. A recent book, among the many he has written, is *Old Wine, New Bottles* (Simon and Schuster) which is available also in Pocket Books. . . . **Fred M. Hechinger** is education editor of the New York *Times. Teen-Age Tyranny* (Morrow), written with his wife, Grace, is now in Fawcett paperback.

Our cover is by **Frederic Marvin.**

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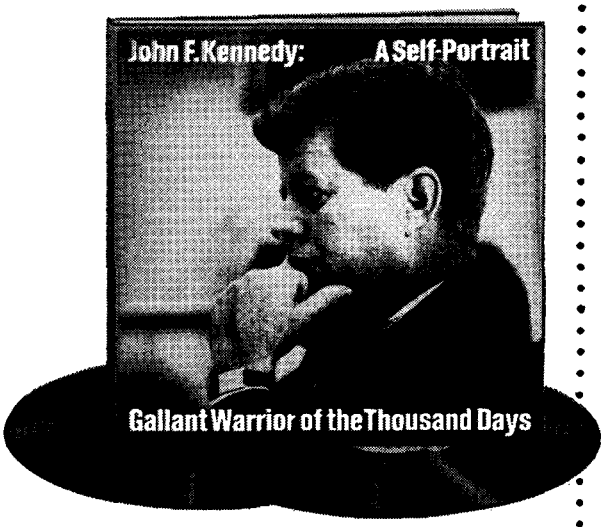
The voice, the words, the ideals of John F. Kennedy



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(more than Spain, Portugal, Ireland, Austria, Denmark, Finland, Sweden and Norway combined)

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FROM BURUNDI

To the Editor: The Burundi mission to to the United Nations wishes to correct some of the erroneous views presented to the readers by Claire Sterling in the article "Chou En-lai and the Watusi" in your March 12 issue. By bringing in Popular China and the "impeccable African Nationalists" she certainly wanted to whitewash the hands of those who are most culpable.

First study before writing. This is a motto that Sterling tragically forgot or overlooked. If she can be excused for ignorance she certainly should not be forgiven for overlooking principles and morals. We wish to categorically deny that there is any serfdom in Burundi. Burundi is a constitutional monarchy under Mwami (King) Mwambutsa. In the last September 18, 1961, elections under the supervision of the United Nations Commission, candidates were drawn from both the Wahutu and Watusi races. UPRONA (Union and National Progress) overwhelmingly won fifty-eight of the sixty-four seats, the majority of whom are Wahutu and so is the head of the Burundi government. The party is not all "anti-West" nor "anti-Catholic." We had economic as well as diplomatic relations with the most important western countries—U.S.A., Britain, France, West Germany, Belgium—right from the day of independence. [July 1, 1962—Ed.] Besides, Burundi had always recognized Popular China. It was only last December that diplomatic establishments were made. Furthermore, most of the UPRONA Party are Catholic. Thus, sixty out of sixty-four parliament members are of Catholic belief and all the cabinet members are Catholic.

Sterling connives at the woe of refugees and even writes with joy at the massacre of thousands of people. When Hitler wanted to exterminate the Jewish race the world press rose against him. Was it because the Jews owned much of the world press or was it because that world upheld principles? Naturally the influx of refugees and the pressure of national construction have combined to create new hurdles that Burundi has to cope with.

We have been trying to get economic aid from western countries but in more cases than naught we were disappointed, particularly in some countries where the press is loudly critical of Burundi without taking concrete measures able to really help it.

Both the Mwami and the prime minister as well as several other ministers have visited almost all the western capitals, including the United States.

We, therefore, would like to add that we welcome aid from anywhere in the world. We, however, would like to make it clear that Burundi does not wish to receive aid in order to compromise our hard-won independence, nor at the mere price of making us a protégé of any outside power.

That Burundi is a protégé of China is an unfounded propaganda that does no good either to our people or to your readers. The truth would rather be that very reluctantly an unaided Burundi is struggling against the protégés of neo-colonialism and the threat of the uprising neo-colonialism, and it is also curiously ironical that Sterling has chosen to honor us by associating Burundi with such "impeccable African anti-colonialists as Nkrumah, Ben Bella, Nasser, and the late Patrice Lumumba." This, thanks to Sterling's ignorance, is no less a credit to us than it probably is an undeserved compliment to Communism, which is usually made a scapegoat in order to mask domination and exploitation originating elsewhere.

In regard to the break of customs union between Rwanda and Burundi, we would rather regret the political than the economic loss in that venture of Pan-African international co-operation. As to the economic loss, Burundi never depended much on it no more than she did depend on the pittance from Belgium. In this case we would like to make it clear that like all colonialist countries, it was Belgium which had more need of us than we had of her. The national income of Burundi comes from coffee and the Usumbura airport and the Lake Tanganyika harbor which now will be a monopoly of ours.

Lastly we would like to register our fears which may necessarily not come from Popular China but susceptively from other quarters. As our prime minister clearly put it in a press interview last month in Brussels, the government and the people of Burundi have the interest of having a neighbor with whom they can enjoy good understanding (*Remarques Congolaises*, March 7, 1964) and we also hope that Rwanda is not where the play of divide and rule is practiced to wreck the movement of African unification.

Mistakenly you also printed that the National Assembly demanded the summary expulsion of American, British, French and Belgian diplomats from Burundi. It is also alleged that this was a rare occasion for the Assembly to agree. This is completely wrong.

Your readers will be better informed to know that both Rwanda and Burundi were under the German and the Belgian rule for almost seventy years.

The racial antagonism between the Watusi and the Wahutu erupted in Rwanda only two years before independence. Whereas only four years previously the entire population was fighting together for independence. History records that this eruption was not just spontaneous and that the colonialist powers were guiltless in both the sustenance and end of Watusi rule. Of course, to some societies slavery and massacre are legal and moral if by so doing a territory or a profit can be won.

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We would like to add by quoting our prime minister's remarks in Brussels that: "there is complete understanding between the Wahutu and the Watusi in Burundi and real peace reigns." Naturally we require no advice on how to live racially, except that our advice is always at the disposal of those societies that are still plagued by such diseases as racial hate and bigotry.

GERVAIS NYANGOMA, Ambassador
The Permanent Mission of Burundi
to the United Nations

The article by our correspondent, Claire Sterling, has been interpreted by the members of the Burundi Mission to the U.N. as proof that she enjoys massacres, and that she failed to see how the western powers, together with the protégés of neo-colonialism, are responsible for all the trouble between the two races, etc. And how could she think there was anything Communist in the state of Burundi? Should we ever need further information on that state, we are confident that its U.N. delegation would provide us with documentation as impressive as the letter we are delighted to publish here.

—THE EDITOR

THE DISCOUNT HOUSE

To the Editor: O mighty discount house! How wonderful thou art!

Julius Duscha might try objectivity. His doleful tale "The High Cost of 'Fair Trade'" (*The Reporter*, March 12), of how the poor, innocent discount stores, "who have done so much" to shave consumer prices, are being victimized by the evil Fair Trade lobbyists, mars your normal fair-mindedness.

Discount houses are not engaged in "spirited competition." They are parasites. The retailer puts up the overhead for a sales force and in some cases showrooms to sell the product. The consumer decides what he likes best and buys it from a discounter.

Well, in the not too distant future the consumer will be rewarded for his cleverness. Once the retailers are killed off, the discount giants will start the biggest price skyrocketing you've ever seen. No law against that.

In a future Land of the Discount House, the consumer will become a lost babe in the woods—unless Fair Trade laws are established.

JOHN GIBBS
Fair Lawn, New Jersey

LAWYERS' DELIGHT

To the Editor: The Executive Board of the Harvard Law-Grad Democratic Club hereby notes the appearance of the Reporter Note entitled "The Attraction of Op. Cits," (*The Reporter*, March 12), which called attention to the odd fate that would seem to have overtaken a text written by Meg Greenfield, and hereby commends your magazine for publication of same.

MICHAEL F. DONLAN
Corresponding Secretary
Cambridge, Massachusetts

A piece of the action from Newsweek:

"Stickler"

"For two days last week, top officials of the European Common Market hit all the high spots of the Washington scene. There was a lunch at Blair House, a dinner at the Belgian Embassy, and another lunch in the Madison Room of the State Department, which commands the city's best view of the Potomac. No matter what the conversational hors d'oeuvres and garnishes, the solid main course was food —the cutting of tariffs on agricultural products traded between the U. S. and the Common Market..."

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A glimpse of how we read these days.
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Newsweek

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Public Diplomacy

There has been a spate of lectures, solemn articles, and assorted speeches in the last few weeks, all on foreign policy, that are making life miserable for those who have to read them all. Again and again the New York *Times* reprints long excerpts from these noteworthy utterances; and the noteworthiness comes from the fact that the men who thus spake are all eminent because of the positions they hold. All these men, as appointees of the Kennedy-Johnson administrations or as high-ranking senators, for more than three years have shared in the elaboration of policy. President Kennedy's favorite method of debating major issues was the bull session. Now, under President Johnson, the bull session seems to have burst out in the open, and all the different or not-so-different views in one way or another get into print.

Some themes frequently recur. There is the one, for instance, that highlights polycentrism, a word borrowed from Palmiro Togliatti. The two major blocs, it is said, the one called the Free World, the other the Communist, are in an advanced stage of fragmentation. Actually, we really don't know how far divisiveness has gone in the Communist bloc, aside from the blare of contumely between the two subblocs. But as if driven by an urge for symmetry, our public thinkers do not seem to be in any hurry to heal the rift within our own coalition. De Gaulle is particularly helpful here: it has become fashionable to borrow his heretical views about China or Vietnam, after having duly excoriated the heretic.

Senator Fulbright, a man whom we highly respect, started his formal address on the floor of the Senate with a statement that might have been followed by a reformulation of Kantian philosophy. "There is an inevitable divergence, attributable to the imperfections of the human mind, between the world as it is and the world as men perceive it," he said. What follows is an invitation to start thinking "unthinkable thoughts." Some of these unthinkable thoughts, however, had already been formulated by some distinguished thinking people, including Secretary Rusk, who has advocated the encouragement of "evolution within the Communist world toward national independence, peaceful cooperation and open societies."

This is certainly a worthy objective that could be more vigorously pursued if less talked about. For it is true that our nation must ceaselessly try to establish cultural, trade, touristic, and scientific relationships with the Communist countries as the best way to reach the peoples under Communism. This can be done without any prophecy of an "open society" and without any unnecessary chumminess with the present holders of Communist power. Is there a single Communist-ruled society that offers any indication or even any slight hope that it will break open?

Senator Fulbright calls a "myth" the notion that every Communist state is an "unmitigated evil." Then he suggests that we should rely on the O.A.S. for the settlement of our difficulties with Castro's Cuba. Hasn't it occurred to him that there may be something mythical in the effectiveness of this organization, particularly when major powers are involved?

It's a disturbing business, this wide-open bull session—especially so because the men who feel compelled to participate in it are all good men. We could go on quoting extensively from more of them. McGeorge Bundy, for instance, who, in a recent article in *Foreign Affairs*, saw fit to praise the Laos settlement on the ground that "It was in Laos above all that one could see the advantage to both sides of even the most incomplete disengagement, as against a tightening and sharpening of confrontation." Should we look forward to similar disengagements in the same region or in other parts of the world? There is another man, however, whom we feel compelled to quote: Adlai Stevenson. In a recent address at Princeton University, he really succeeded, to use Fulbright's expression, in thinking the unthinkable. He said, "that the central trend of our times is the emergence of what, for lack of a better label, might be called a Policy of Cease-Fire, and Peaceful Change." We always thought that a cease-fire was something less desirable and more precarious than an armistice, and an armistice more precarious and less desirable than a peace settlement. But now we learn from Ambassador Stevenson that cease-fire and peaceful change are the same thing, or at least that one leads to the other. It seems to us that this is an extraordinary evidence of faith in the healing power of the Band-Aid.

REALLY, we would like to stop here. We don't understand this outburst of foreign-policy pronouncements from men who share responsibility for its development. Perhaps these men, as well as all of us, are still under the shock of John F. Kennedy's assassination. Two of Kennedy's major international ventures are currently cited among his lasting legacies: his confrontation with the Soviets at the time of the second Cuban crisis, and the test-ban treaty. For an appraisal of both ventures we must await the ultimate outcome, since Cuba after the confrontation has become an integral part of the Soviet empire, and the test-ban treaty was made with the same nation that put the missiles in Cuba and was co-signed by an exuberant number of countries that have nothing to test but their

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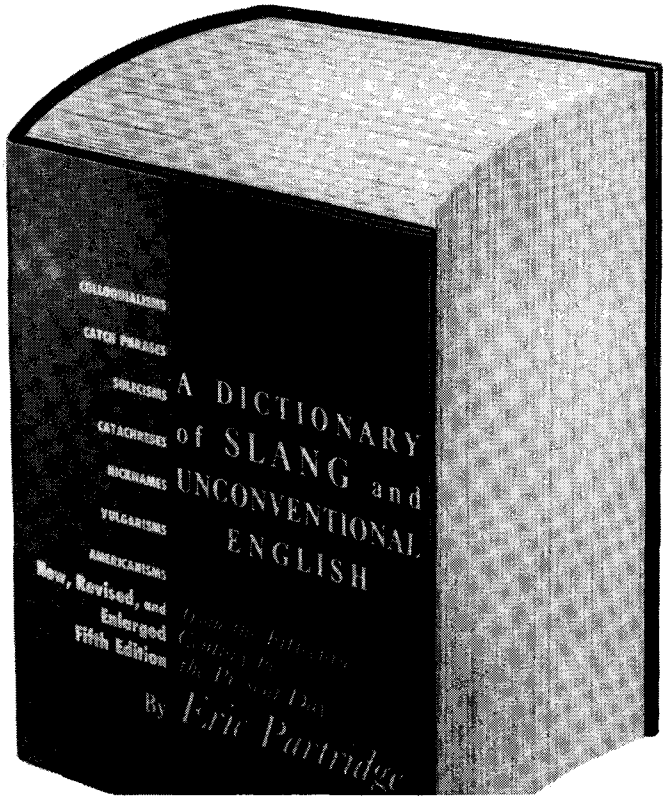

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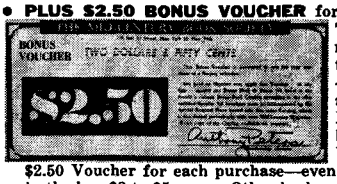

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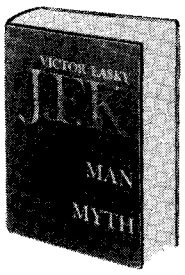

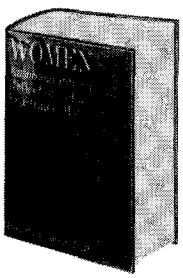

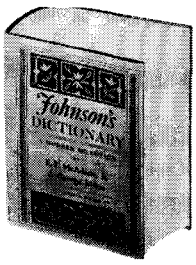

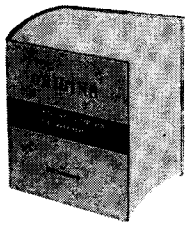

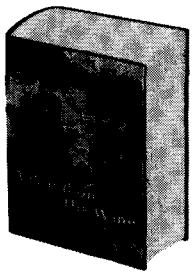

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independence of the Soviet Union.

Maybe what is happening now is a conscious or unconscious attempt to codify the Kennedy legacy. It is a legacy of all-around goodwill, of many laudable intentions and few achievements. How could it have been otherwise, given the short time that was allowed him? Kennedy knew that his diplomacy was at the very first stage of its unfolding. In his last speech, delivered at Fort Worth, he mentioned the three direct confrontations our country had during the last three years: Laos, Berlin, and Cuba. "No one can say," he stated, "when (another confrontation) will come again. No one expects that our life will be easy—certainly not in this decade and perhaps not in this century."

—MAX ASCOLI

The Ecofacts of Life

A high-minded group called the Ad Hoc Committee on the Triple Revolution recently proposed that the government guarantee an income for everyone, whether he is working or not. It offered no details on how the plan might be worked out. Evidently it was considered enough at this time merely to alert us to the fact that three revolutions are upon us—in cybernetics, in weaponry, and in civil rights—and that eventually machines will do all or most of the work. Then how will many of us earn our keep?

We are always interested in how to get an income without working, and so we hastened to acquire a copy of *Free Men and Free Markets*, published last year by one of the members of the Ad Hoc Committee, a British economist named Robert Theobald. While doggedly trying to keep up with Mr. Theobald's use of such terms as "due-income" (the constitutional right to a guaranteed income), "ecofacts" (goods and services), and "consentives" (organizations of creative people who will work for nothing to supply artistic or hand-produced goods and services in the cybernetic age), we suddenly came across an idea that made us perk up: Mr. Theobald has advanced a potential solution to the servant problem.

"There are at present many jobs open in domestic service," he writes with magnificent understatement, "and if sufficient people were willing to fill them this would help to free the limited number of greatly skilled and highly educated people to enter areas where their activity would be of most benefit to society as a whole. Any large increase in the number willing to work in domestic service appears impossible, however, until a major change in social attitudes occurs. At present, most Americans find service work demeaning. . . . The existence of an alternative to low-paid domestic service through due-incomes . . . would make the contract between employer and employee a free one and destroy the present degrading pattern."

The idea that women in the future, though they draw their "due-income" from the government, would nonetheless choose, as a public service, to put on aprons and offer their "ecofacts" to the more gifted in order to free them for their higher tasks, would not have occurred to us. It's a suggestion only a highly educated man (and future consentive member) would make.

It is an attractive proposition. But even in Theobald's brave new world, wouldn't some vexing problems arise? Take Theobald, say, and his future maid, who works not just for the money but also for the principle of the thing. Suppose she were to detect a drop in the quality of his books. Would she then decamp? Might not this prove even more humiliating for the employer than present servitude for the maid?

Cybernetics or no cybernetics, you can't alter the ecofacts of life; for every ointment there is a fly, and for even due-income, a tax to pay.

Any Number Can Play

In one of the Senate dining rooms the other day, a group of Congressional wives sat loudly harumphing at reports from Ohio that astronaut John H. Glenn's Senatorial candidacy was being explained to the voters there in terms of a "good" man's desire to clean up a "dirty" business—namely politics. The harumphs seemed to us further evidence that no one has begun to think straight about the qualifications for Senatorial office of those unexpected candidates who have lately flooded the field.

Goodliness versus dirtiness? Legislative experience versus a lack of it? Such tests miss the point, as any observer of the current Congressional scene must know. There is no question in our mind, for instance, that Colonel Glenn's astronautical experiences qualify him in some crucial respects for life on Capitol Hill. Think only of the equanimity that he has displayed in the face of endless delays. Or consider astronaut Scott Carpenter. For a while during his flight nobody knew what he was doing, or why. Couldn't he become another Wayne Morse?

For different but no less compelling reasons, we take issue with those who have ridiculed the fitness for office of Charles B. ("Bud") Wilkinson. What the Senate most desperately needs right now is a good football coach from the University of Oklahoma. Squads, platoons, and captains are just about all one hears about these days as the civil-rights filibuster goes its way. Take that episode a couple weeks ago when the South's offensive team, headed by Louisiana's Allen Ellender, lost the ball to Minnesota's Hubert Humphrey with the admission that Southern whites did in fact prevent Southern Negroes from voting. After Humphrey's first down, North Carolina's Sam Ervin had to be sent in to quarterback the Southern defense. If that wasn't football, what was it?

Which leaves us with former Presidential Press Secretary Pierre Salinger, who is running in California. Even though he has been neither a quarterback nor a rocket jockey, he has been a press spokesman, and what is a press secretary for, after all, if not to put the best construction, however improbable, on the events of the day? As we listened to the semantic conflicts in the civil-rights fracas, and as we heard the senators stalling for time at another important juncture ("Did the clerk call the roll in alphabetical order?" "May I ask how I was recorded?"), we decided that Mr. Salinger's qualifications to be a United States senator are undeniable.

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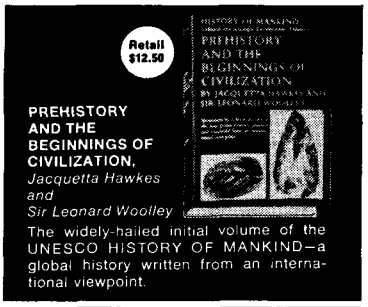

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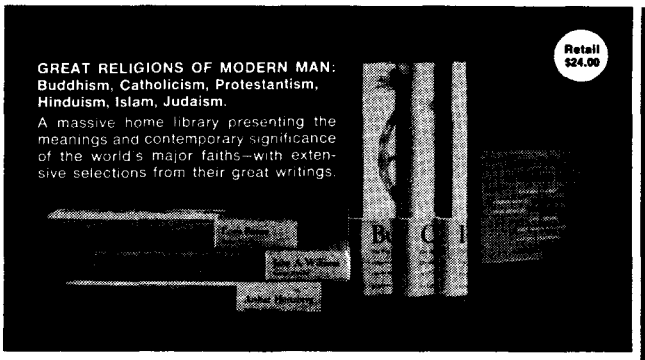

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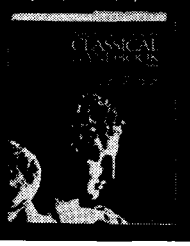

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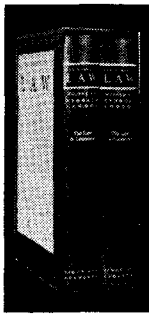

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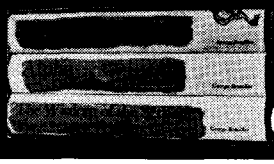

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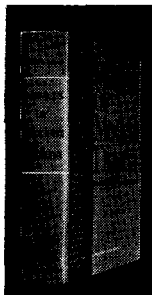

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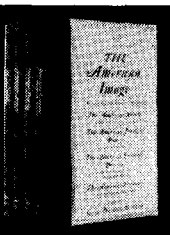

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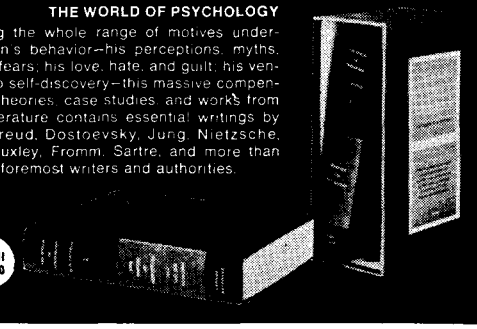

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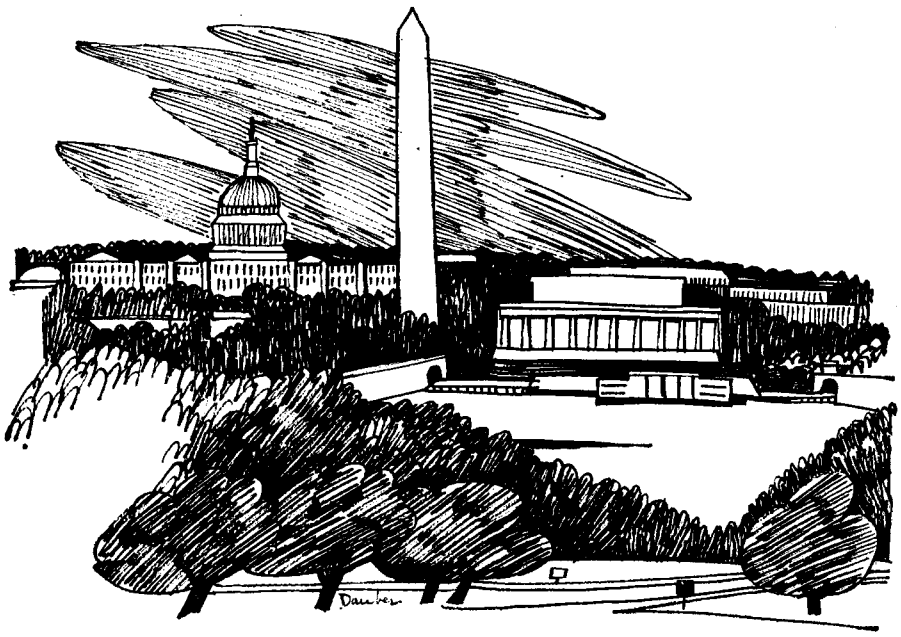

The Irksome Panama Wrangle

PHILIP GEYELIN

In the words of a high administration official involved in recent policy-making on Panama: "It was rough." His specific reference was to a tense and turbulent meeting at the White House on March 15. In attendance were the President, Secretary of State Rusk, and Assistant Secretary of State Thomas Mann. It was at this meeting that the decision was taken for the United States to disown in blunt terms a U.S.-Panama truce declaration for which the Organization of American States had claimed U.S. "acceptance" only a few hours earlier. But the comment might be applied equally to much of what happened between the previous Thursday, March 12, and Monday, March 16—five days which shattered hopes for a Panamanian settlement, at least temporarily; shook the already fragile "inter-American system" to its foundations; and further damaged U.S. prestige in the hemisphere.

Twice since the disorders broke out in early January, prompting Panama to break off relations with us and confronting the new Johnson administration with its first foreign crisis, a settlement seemed assured. But both times the peace efforts collapsed. As a fresh effort begins to put things together again, the conviction is growing within the Johnson administration that a real reconciliation with Panama may not be possible before that country's presidential election on May 10 and probably not before this country's own voting in November.

This does not mean that a third peacemaking effort, even if largely ineffectual, is not valued for whatever it can do to ease the tension and avert another clash between Panamanian mobs and U.S. troops manning the Canal Zone. It means rather that a careful analysis of the two previous efforts turns up a discouraging pattern of attitude and performance by all the principal participants. And it poses the wider question of whether the United States has mastered the techniques for coping with the sort of international crises that seem to crop up increasingly in the wake of the Cuban missile crisis of October, 1962. Instead of confrontations with superpowers, many argue, the concern of U.S. diplomacy is more and more likely to be with the pinpricks of Lilliputs —with mob action against U.S. embassies instead of massive movements of strategic missiles. In such encounters between grossly unequal powers, the eyeball-to-eyeball approach strikes many as too brutal, so that it is becoming the accepted recourse to deal awkwardly through some multinational intermediary, such as the United Nations or the OAS. The Panama affair demonstrates that this form of diplomacy is difficult, delicate, and complex.

The first OAS effort in the Panama

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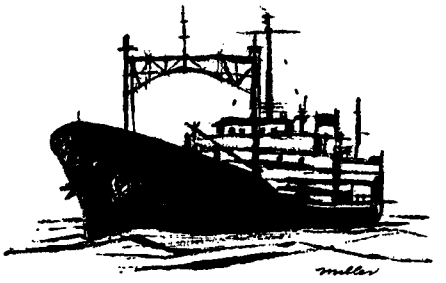
dispute was too brief and inconclusive to provide much of a test. By January 15, no more than a week after the outbreak of disorders in Panama, late editions of many morning newspapers in the United States were heralding an OAS-arranged truce. Diplomatic relations were to be resumed, the mediators declared confidently, and discussions were to begin within thirty days on how to resolve differences over the prickly issue of U.S. proprietorship of the Canal. But the ink on these headlines was hardly dry before both sides began quarreling over what it was they had agreed to. Was it "negotiation" of a new canal treaty, as Panama's President Roberto F. Chiari was quick to proclaim for the gratification of Panamanians deeply resentful of U.S. sovereignty "in perpetuity" over the Canal Zone? Or was it merely "discussion" of outstanding differences, with no commitment in advance to treaty revision, as the United States was as prompt to insist, in deference to those in this country who consider the 1903 Canal pact inviolable?

On this issue the whole deal abruptly fell apart, and after a three-week interval a new team of OAS mediators moved in. Composed of five OAS ambassadors, and technically an offshoot of the full OAS acting under formal machinery for settling inter-American disputes, this so-called "delegation of the General Commission" was headed by Juan Plate, who serves as ambassador from Paraguay to both the OAS and the United States. He and Vicente Sánchez Gavito, the Mexican envoy to the OAS, are widely regarded as the key figures in the drawn-out diplomatic maneuvers that finally resulted in an ingenious if somewhat precarious compromise.

First, provisional agreement was sought and obtained on a joint declaration by the United States and Panama. Only two paragraphs long, it sought to reconcile differences by embracing as loosely as possible both points of view: the two governments agreed to resume relations and thirty days thereafter name representatives to ". . . carry out discussions and negotiations with the objective of reaching a just and fair agreement. . . ." All "limitations or pre-conditions" were disavowed. But the mediators realized that this only glossed over semantic issues without really satisfying either side. Panamanian politicians obviously want to dangle before their voters a firm U.S. commitment to work out a new treaty, revised to meet Panama's demands for more control over the Canal. Just as obvious is Lyndon Johnson's desire to avoid the impression of having been pressured



into any such a commitment. Mindful of the haste with which both sides read what they wanted into the January "agreement," the OAS delegation thereupon sought in advance to nail down just what both presidents would say by way of interpreting the truce terms to their respective electorates. And this, as it had in January, proved the sticking point. The difference in March was that the wrangling stretched over five days, greatly widening the margin for misunderstanding and miscalculation, for wild rumor to circulate, for hard feelings to set in. Before it was over, charges ranging from double-dealing and bad faith to wishful thinking and blatant brinkmanship were being freely traded behind the scenes, and U.S. policymakers had been portrayed in violent dispute among themselves.

Chronicle of Confusion

What actually happened was perhaps less traumatic than some press reports pictured it, but not much less; and a good deal of what happened is still shrouded in mystery. Precisely what occurred between the Messrs. Johnson, Rusk, and Mann on March 15, for example, is apt to remain a well-guarded secret for some time. But there are enough bits and pieces of evidence to sustain some educated guesses even on this episode, and enough witnesses to provide this chronicle of the key developments:

THURSDAY, MARCH 12. The United States and Panama were close to an agreement. Both had approved the two-paragraph OAS statement of an accord. The United States, it is generally agreed, had also acquiesced to President Chiari's proposed "interpretation" of the joint declaration to be issued under OAS auspices. And Panama's representative, Miguel Moreno, Jr., who is that country's OAS ambassador and also a long-shot candidate in the May presidential contest, had given his approval of the American "interpretation," subject only to final, formal concurrence from Panama City. Announcement of the accord was tentatively set for 6 P.M. At the White House the newsroom burst into life: a mid-afternoon lid on new developments was abruptly lifted; the "regulars" were advised to stand by for something important. At the State Department, Mann was preparing for a background briefing to provide unattributable insights into the U.S. interpretation of the accord. But the go-ahead from Panama never arrived, and in the early evening preparations for the announcement were finally canceled.

FRIDAY, MARCH 13. The Chiari government, after what must have been a prolonged internal debate, finally notified the OAS mediators of its approval of the three-piece truce pact, with one seemingly minor exception: the word "discuss" was used in the Johnson "interpretation." Because of past connotations, Panama would prefer almost any other word—"look at," "review," or whatever—so long as the United States was unwilling to use Panama's preferred locution, "negotiate." On this bit of nit-picking, the whole flimsy arrangement collapsed—not so much on the merits of the argument, U.S. officials confide, but mostly because President Johnson had had enough.

"LBJ went through the ceiling," one diplomat remembered. "His attitude was, 'Who do they think they are? How do they dare to rewrite my statement?' " It was to forestall just this sort of endless caviling, in fact, that the United States had taken a relatively tolerant view of what President Chiari planned to say, relying on Mann's press backgrounder to put the accord in its proper perspective. "The U.S. told us fairly early that it had no further

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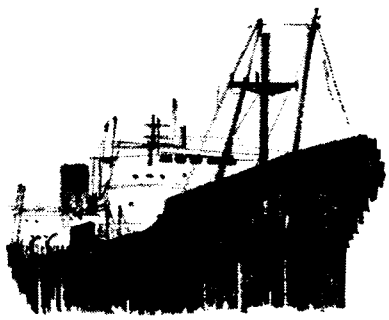
interest in Panama's interpretation," reports one OAS man. It was all the more insufferable, then, for Panama to quibble about the U.S. statement —or so the White House is thought to have believed. Beyond this, more than pique with Panama is said to have inspired the President's strong reaction; the recent outbreak of stonings of U.S. embassies in Cambodia and elsewhere has sharpened his sense of outrage toward any small countries which seem to be exploiting mob violence in crude attempts to push the United States around. In any event, such was the U.S. response that the three-piece approach to patching up U.S.-Panamanian relations was doomed. By Friday night, Mann was telling aides that the whole deal was "down the drain."

SATURDAY, MARCH 14. "By Saturday morning we were worrying," one OAS dignitary recalled. The worry, as he described it, was that if the deal was allowed to collapse, press speculation over the weekend would not only serve to aggravate the U.S.-Panama dispute but would cast an unpleasant pall over a Monday gathering of OAS ambassadors to celebrate the third anniversary of the Alliance for Progress. There was probably more to this anxiety; the Latins set high store in the OAS "system," however imperfect it may be as a means of settling disputes. It also serves as a conclave where they can meet as supposed equals with the colossus of the North. Thus, OAS prestige had become deeply engaged in the outcome of the Panama case. With all this presumably in mind, the five-man mediation crew assembled Saturday morning and evolved a new strategy: they would simply make public the joint declaration with no "interpretations" by either side, but with the consent of both. That afternoon they set about lining up the approval of both sides.

SUNDAY, MARCH 15. At this point a fog of confusion, counterclaims, and secrecy begins to settle in. The United States had known on Saturday that the OAS was trying to revive the accord and, according to the mediators, had even assented to the idea "in principle." But by late Sunday afternoon, it is also agreed that the United States was in favor of delaying any action until Monday. The OAS mediators insist, however, that the United States was not opposing the accord itself but merely arguing for a delay on the basis that since the Panamanians had not received instructions from their government, nothing definite was likely to be worked out before the end of the day anyway. U.S. officials don't put it quite that way. "We made it pretty plain that we didn't want the declaration published under any circumstances," insisted one official involved. Still, the OAS, aiming at a 6 P.M. announcement, was sufficiently encouraged to begin calling in the press. At 6:25, by OAS reckoning, Panama phoned in its acceptance. By 6:35, Mexico's Gavito ("His English is better," explains Plate) was on the phone to Mann. Again, nobody is willing to reveal exactly what was said. But the OAS delegation is prepared to be quoted that while Mann did not give positive consent, neither did he definitely oppose. "They said, 'That is your business,'" is the way one OAS man pictured the U.S. position. He added: "As far as we are concerned, we had U.S. consent for the contents of the agreement; the only U.S. concern was with the timing, and they said that was a matter for our decision."

U.S. officials put it a lot more strongly. "We made it pretty plain



that we wouldn't stand still for this," one told me. "If they thought we would, that was wishful thinking."

The Press of Events

Obviously, the OAS did think the United States would "stand still" because at about 6:45 P.M. they handed their press release to the waiting newsmen. "What could we tell the press, who had been waiting all that time?" asks one mediator. "To say nothing would have started very dangerous speculation which might have ruined everything."

As it happened, "everything" was very nearly ruined anyway. By 9 P.M., President Johnson had summoned Rusk and Mann to the White House. If what was said is a secret, what they had to consider is not: whatever the OAS impression of the U.S. position, the OAS action was open to the interpretation that the Latin body had pushed through a Panama peace plan that was far more acceptable to Panama than to the United States.

There were radio reports that Panamian leaders, including Moreno, were already describing the OAS declaration to their own newsmen as a U.S. concession to negotiate a new Canal treaty. One danger was that this would raise false hopes in Panama which, if dashed in subsequent negotiations, would spark even more violent reprisals than the January outbreak. Another worry was the near certainty that Republican critics would see in the somewhat suspicious circumstances surrounding the whole deal a ready-made argument that the Johnson administration had gone "soft" on Panama.

But perhaps more important, in the minds of some Presidential advisers, was the fear that any peace talks with Panama launched so inauspiciously would be foredoomed simply because Senate ratification of any new treaty—assuming one could be agreed upon—would be impossible. The circumstances of the negotiations, they argued, would become a major weapon for use by a sizable bloc of Republicans and Southern Democrats who steadfastly oppose any tinkering with the Canal Treaty, and would argue violently against anything that seemed to be arranged under pressure. Add to this President Johnson's disinclination to be pushed around by a country he has publicly and pointedly pictured as no bigger than the city of St. Louis, and the decision to discard the OAS declaration becomes clearer.

At 11 P.M., a White House spokesman announced stiffly that there was as yet "no meeting of minds."

MONDAY, MARCH 16. Mr. Johnson administered the coup de grâce personally to the five-day OAS effort and did it under circumstances calcu-

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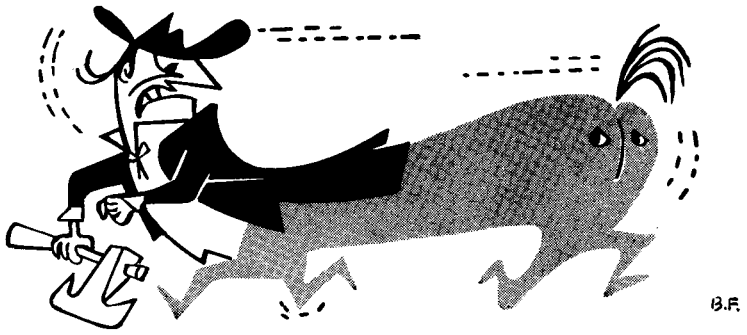
lated to have the maximum impact. Digressing from an Alliance for Progress pep talk to the OAS ambassadors in the morning, he turned brusquely to the subject of Panama, recapitulating the established U.S. position and reiterating, "As of this moment, I do not believe that there has been a genuine meeting of the minds. . . ." Some of the Latins present were bewildered by the President's basis for demolishing the OAS accord. "Press reports indicate," he said, "that the government of Panama feels that the language which has been under consideration . . . commits the United States to a rewriting and to a revision of the 1903 Treaty." As one OAS mediator commented: "How policy can be built on radio accounts of statements to the press which Panama has denied publicly—that's what surprises me. Panama is still saying that it accepts our joint declaration as it stands."

So, for all practical purposes, ended five days of sometimes frantic, fumbling diplomacy. The five-man mediation team reported back to the full OAS membership and received not only a vote of confidence but implicit backing from most members for its Panama peace formula, which was hailed as both "dignified and honorable." Noting this, the United States began having some second thoughts; on the following Wednesday a plan was taking shape for a full-scale U.S. exposition of its side of the argument; but by Thursday cooler heads prevailed and the idea was dropped. Finally, on Saturday, President Johnson strolled unannounced into the office of the new White House press secretary, George Reedy, and interrupted a routine press briefing to distribute olive branches all around. While not departing from established U.S. policy, he hinted more strongly than ever that the United States did not think it unreasonable to contemplate treaty alterations—it simply didn't want to promise them in advance.

As for that dreadful word "discuss," the President conceded it was a "sticky" one and amiably substituted "review," which by some accounts was all that President Chiari wanted on Friday the thirteenth.



Closing the Books on Baker

ERWIN KNOLL and LAURENCE STERN

Until last October, the Senate Committee on Rules and Administration presided over a serene subdivision of Capitol Hill bureaucracy. Its stewardship encompassed such chores as operating the Botanical Gardens and the Senate Restaurant; acquiring and caring for statuary and pictures; printing and correcting the *Congressional Record*. If assignment to the Rules Committee was not the Senate's most coveted plum, it was nonetheless accepted with the same good grace as would be nomination to a PTA board or to chairmanship of a Sunday-school building fund. A senator could at least be sure his investment of time would be limited to the second and fourth Wednesday of each month.

This quiet, well-ordered world was rudely shattered on October 10 when the Senate deposited the highly charged Bobby Baker scandal, its fuse already sputtering, at the Rules Committee's doorstep. The committee's chairman, B. Everett Jordan, of North Carolina was clearly awed by the responsibility. "We've never had an investigation like this before, but we'll do whatever we have to do," he told reporters. And he said he hoped that newsmen whose revelations had triggered the official inquiry would "help us out." To demonstrate that the Rules Committee was in earnest, Jordan announced that he was stepping up the meeting schedule to one a week and scouting among retired FBI agents for a staff investigator. He predicted that it would all be over by the end of 1963. (As it turned out, it took nearly a month to assemble a quorum of the committee.)

But there was already skepticism that this committee—or any committee of the Senate—would, or indeed could, conduct a thorough and impartial investigation of the Bobby Baker affair. "The Senate itself is on trial," Senator John J. Williams (R., Delaware) had said in calling for the inquiry. The question was whether an agency of the Senate could probe deeply into the activities of Baker, whose own role in the Senate was inseparably linked to the interests and fortunes of his Senate patrons. As Secretary for the Majority he had held the Senate's most influential staff position, serving as agent of the Democratic Establishment that had been built by such men as Lyndon B. Johnson, Richard B. Russell, and the late Robert S. Kerr. From the beginning the Baker case had been identified in the public's mind as a Democratic scandal, but on Capitol Hill it was also regarded as an institutional crisis that transcended party lines.

In MAKE-UP, the Rules Committee is broadly representative of the Senate. At one end of the spectrum is Joseph S. Clark (D., Pennsylvania), a caustic anti-Establishmentarian whose own proposals for Senate reform have mouldered in the pigeonholes of the Rules Committee. At the other end is the venerable Senate President, Carl Hayden (D., Ari-

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zona), whose presence during the investigation might be characterized as less than dynamic. The chief Republican gadfly is Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania, author of the book *How to Go Into Politics.*

Even before the Rules Committee held its first hearing, some members had personal experience with Baker's penchant for supplementing his services to the Senate with good works in behalf of private interests and associates:

¶ They had been invited to the gala opening of Baker's Carousel Motel, the seaside "hideaway for the Advise-and-Consent set." Rarely has there been such a caravan of capital influentials as the one that sped through the Maryland countryside to Ocean City, escorted by state policemen, to attend the launching of this glittering enterprise.

¶ Chairman Jordan, at Baker's behest, had granted an audience to a group of Washington bankers who proposed to establish a private branch in the new Senate Office Building. (Jordan rejected the proposal three days before Baker resigned under fire as Majority Secretary.)

¶ Senator Howard W. Cannon (D., Nevada), some of whose prominent Las Vegas constituents were associated in business deals with Baker, was the beneficiary when a cargo airline flew a planeload of Washington guests to Las Vegas for a fund-raising dinner in April, 1963. Mysteriously, a $16,000 bill for the

flight was sent first to Baker and then to an aviation-industry lobbyist. It remains unpaid, although the airline has been fined by the Civil Aeronautics Board for violating the regulation barring free flights.

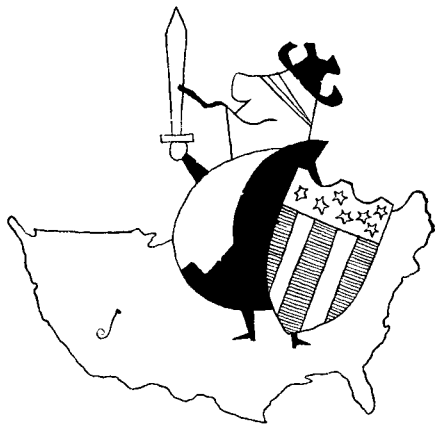
When the Senate Committee undertook the Baker investigation last November it was entering a thicket of self-examination in which few Congressional investigating panels had ever allowed themselves to be snared. To compound the problem, the Rules Committee had no experience in organizing and conducting an inquiry of the scope entailed in following Baker's trail. Furthermore, Jordan was not the sort of man who could be expected to keep volatile partisan emotions in check, nor had his minor housekeeping committee, with the conventional preponderance of Democrats, much appetite for the job.

'We're Not Investigating Senators'

The Baker investigation was further handicapped by an ambiguous authorizing resolution from the Senate. Without once mentioning its intended target, Baker, the resolution directed the Rules Committee to "make a study and investigation with respect to any financial or business interests or activities of any officer or employee or former officer or employee of the Senate, for the purpose of ascertaining (1) whether any such interests or activities have involved conflicts of interest or other impropriety, and (2) whether additional laws, rules, or regulations are necessary or desirable for the purpose of prohibiting or restricting any such interests or activities." Was the committee, in fact, to look into possible improprieties of all staff members? Was it to confine itself to Baker's activities? Was the investigation to extend to the conduct of senators themselves?

It was inevitable that the Committee should disagree over the scope of the investigation. Senator Williams, sponsor of the resolution, steadfastly held that it was broad enough to pursue any question of wrongdoing, no matter how high it might reach. But Chairman Jordan, in an impatient rejoiner to press queries midway through the investigation, snapped, "We're not investigating senators."

Earlier, two Democratic liberals, Stephen M. Young of Ohio and Quentin N. Burdick of North Dakota, accused Baker of not discharging his duties to the Senate impartially. They told reporters that the former Majority Secretary had jockeyed them out of coveted Judiciary Committee assignments by falsely telling the Democratic Steering Committee that they didn't want the jobs. When Senate Majority Whip



Hubert H. Humphrey (D., Minnesota) learned of these allegations, he insisted that the Rules Committee investigate the incident.

Newspapers also reported Senator Clinton P. Anderson's charge that Baker had conspired with the late Senator Kerr to sabotage the administration's Medicare bill in 1962. Anderson, the New Mexico Democrat who led the unsuccessful fight for the bill, accused Baker of giving Kerr the names of four undecided Senators whose swing votes were essential to passage. Finally, Senator Paul Douglas (D., Illinois) told reporters that Baker had manipulated Democratic Senatorial campaign funds to the disadvantage of liberals.

The Rules Committee took not a word of testimony on any of these charges of Baker's partisanship.

THE PRESS, without the benefit of the subpoena power, had already exhumed a great deal of evidence on Baker's profitable extracurricular career while on the Senate payroll. In fact, the Senate resolution authorizing the Baker investigation was primarily a response to the headlines. Prompted by the revelations of the Baker affair, the news media took a renewed interest in the whole congressional conflict-of-interest question, and tended to stake out a broader terrain for the inquiry than the Rules Committee was prepared to accept.

The committee, ignoring its mandate and brushing aside the protests

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of its three Republican members, decided to limit the inquiry to Baker —and to a diligent counting of trees rather than a survey of the dark political forest. With a bookkeeper's passion for minutiae, the committee's auditor-investigators compiled a bulky dossier of balance sheets and bank statements, stock lists and personal notes, mortgages and deeds.

Rules Committee Special Counsel Lennox Polk McLendon, a distinguished seventy-three-year-old "country lawyer," proudly catalogued the "enormous amount of work" done by the committee and its staff: more than two hundred interviews, hearings from some sixty witnesses, inspection of records in more than thirty-five banks and financial institutions. While McLendon noted that the investigation had ranged to "31 cities, states and countries, including Puerto Rico and the Dominican Republic," the committee was less enterprising when it came to exploring Capitol Hill.

It did not, for example, solicit testimony from Senator George A. Smathers (D., Florida) on a highly profitable land deal with Baker and another Senate employee in the booming space and missile belt of

central Florida. ("Senator Smathers gave us a full statement—we can always reach him," Jordan assured reporters who asked whether Smathers would be called to testify.) The committee did not trouble to subpoena records of the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee, on which Baker and Smathers had jointly served for four years. The Democratic senators who complained about their loss of committee assignments were not summoned to testify. Nor, for that matter, was Walter Jenkins, close personal aide to President Johnson, who, according to testimony, had participated with Baker in negotiations for purchase of advertising on the Texas television station owned by the Johnson family. Jenkins was classified as a Senate employee while he held stock and corporate office in the LBJ Company.

If a Senator Answers, Hang Up

Another provocative lead the committee chose to ignore was the back alley of organized vice, although there were many indications pointing to what Senator Scott described as "the use of call girls for business promotion, the use of Government property and Government telephone lines for the arrangement of assignations. . . ." The only explicit discussion of this aspect of the Baker case came from the committee members themselves—and then only in an off-the-record exchange that was inadvertently made part of the public record. The issue was raised by the Committee's ranking Republican, Senator Carl T. Curtis of Nebraska, who warned, "If that is hushed up, I think it would be very, very bad for the Commitee." It was hushed up—or at least no witness was ever asked by the Committee to elucidate on this murky aspect of the Bobby Baker Affair.

The Committee did invite almost all the witnesses it heard to extemporize on their concept of conflict of interest and to evaluate the propriety of Baker's conduct. In several instances Baker's associates seemed to regard conflict of interest as a problem that applied to the Senate Majority Secretary's private business operations rather than to discharge of his public duties. One such exposition came from Gertrude C. Novak, a fellow Senate employee who told the Committee that as Baker's partner in the Carousel, she had received large sums of cash in his Capitol office, counted the money, and carried it to the bank for deposit in their joint business account. Her testimony dealt with sale of the Carousel to the Serv-U Corporation, the thriving vending machine concern in which both Baker and his law associate, Ernest C. Tucker, were interested. Senator Pell asked Mrs. Novak to define the term "conflict of interest," and this exchange took place:

MRS. NOVAK: "That phrase means to me that someone doesn't have all my personal concern and feeling for me and me alone. . . ."

SENATOR PELL: "In other words, there was a conflict of interest between one business responsibility and another business responsibility?"

MRS. NOVAK: "That is right."

SENATOR PELL: "Was there, in your view, a conflict of interest between his responsibility as Secretary of the Majority and his access to sources of power and the way he handled your affairs?"

MRS. NOVAK: "No; not as Secretary to the Majority."

SENATOR PELL: "Thank you very much."

Leland R. Taylor, a vice president of North American Aviation, was questioned by the Rules Committee about the vending contracts between his firm and Serv-U Corporation, in which Fred B. Black Jr., Baker's friend and a highly paid North American consultant, was also a major investor. Taylor appeared to take the Senate official's interest in Serv-U for granted, but voiced concern about the participation of Black, a North American employee, after all. "Insofar as Mr. Black's having a direct interest or ownership or being a stockholder in Serv-U," Taylor said, "yes, we would have taken a look at it, because of our own internal attitudes on our employees and consultants with regard to outside activities in com-

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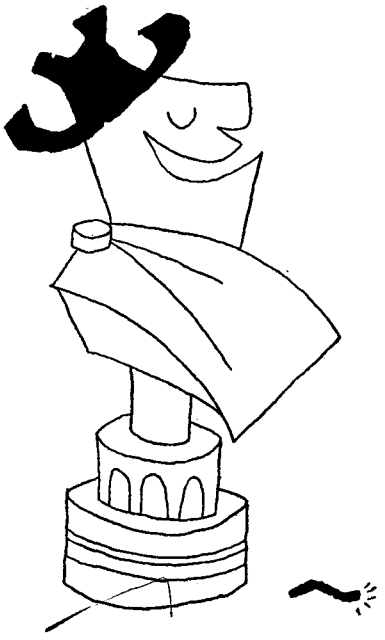
panies that do business with us." North American later announced that it had canceled Black's $14,000-a-month contract.

SENATOR PELL, a self-described "layman in this legal labyrinth," leaned forward earnestly at the end



of almost every hearing to pose, in one form or another, the ultimate question: "Did Mr. Baker use his influence or his position in any way to help facilitate the fruition of your business arrangement?" After hearing this question—and the invariably negative response of the witness—a number of times, Senator Curtis finally exploded with impatience, charging that "this record is being filled up with conclusions, self-serving conclusions, for Robert Baker." Curtis's outburst did not discourage Pell, for on the very next day this exchange took place during the testimony of Thomas D. Webb Jr., a ubiquitious figure on Capitol Hill, who looks out for the interests of the Murchison financial dynasty of Dallas:

SENATOR PELL: "Going back to your own relationship with Mr. Baker, did you ask his help for any other problems concerning legislation or for any help in any way whereby his official position as Secretary to the Majority would have been helpful to your principals?"

MR. WEBB: "No, never."

SENATOR PELL: "You never have?"

MR. WEBB: "On legislation?"

SENATOR PELL: "On legislation."

MR. WEBB: "No. I don't know of any bill that has been up in the particular that the Murchisons have ever been interested in."

Had the committee wished to prepare a dissertation on Congressional conflict of interest, it could have found authoritative sources close to home. For example, Representative John W. Byrnes (R., Wisconsin) could have been called to testify about his successful intervention with tax authorities in behalf of a Milwaukee insurance firm which rewarded him with valuable stock at far-below-market prices. This episode, a classic example of how tax favors can be dispensed by strategically-placed members of Congress, came to light in the Baker investigation. But Republican Senator Curtis, who later was to charge the Democrats with attempting a "whitewash," went out of his way to exculpate his fellow Republican Byrnes, for whom he professed "a very high regard." In contrast to his aggressive questioning on aspects embarrassing to Democrats, Curtis had this charitable explanation in defense of Byrnes: "I do know that individuals and business concerns usually turn to the Congressman from their own state when they have matters of this kind."

A Promised Page

In the supreme confrontation of the hearings, Baker's appearance before the Rules Committee, the former Majority Secretary took the position that any attempt he might make to catalogue his official duties could tend to incriminate him. However, Senator Pell succeeded where all others had failed in finding a question which Baker could answer without prejudicing his Constitutional rights.

Pell asked whether Baker favored reform of the Capitol page-boy system and Baker—the system's most famous alumnus—said he did. The former Majority Secretary promised to set out his views in a letter to Pell and the Rhode Island Senator responded that he would be very grateful. The exchange raised the possibility that the spring housecleaning suggested by the disclosures of the Baker affair might be limited to humanizing the ancient system of child labor on Capitol Hill. But then, such rehabilitation-minded Senators as Pell may feel that the best way to achieve reform is from the bottom up.

For Senator Cannon, the most disquieting revelation of the Bobby Baker investigation appeared to be a disclosure that the telephone of an important Las Vegas constituent, gambler Edward Levinson, has been tapped by government investigators. Columnist William S. White, journalistic Boswell to the Johnson administration, reported that Cannon had protested the "bugging" of Levinson's phone to the President.

Senator Clark, who at the outset seemed to favor an energetic investigation, quickly let it be known that he had become bored with the affair and later came to regard it, in the words of an aide, as "a second-rate scandal."

BURDENED with misgivings, club loyalties, and gnawing apprehensions about revelations that seemed to lurk around every corner, the committee was hardly equipped to pursue its mission with impartial zeal. As the Presidential primaries stepped up the political pace, the Democrats proposed to call a halt, arguing that while a pattern of "improprieties of the grossest character" had been revealed, any further testimony would be merely "repetitious or cumulative." The argument appeared to lack precedent or authority—but it did reflect the view, expressed by Senator Humphrey, that it was time to end the "stink" of further disclosure and propose corrective measures. The Republicans, needless to say, intend to see to it that the stink does not evaporate before the national elections in November, even though they cannot force the Rules Committee to prolong the hearings.

But neither Humphrey nor anyone else has suggested how Congress can go about fashioning effective remedies for conflict-of-interest violations without first taking full and unsparing measure of the transgressions. And the Rules Committee has demonstrated that any Congressional attempt to probe into the moral malfeasance of Congress is bound to be decried—and with some justification—as a whitewash.

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Tanganyika: The Tribulations Of a Good Man

CLAIRE STERLING

DAR ES SALAAM

IN THE COURSE of a single week in January, a revolution and three mutinies broke out along the eastern coast of Africa. The outbreaks were presumably unco-ordinated, and the numbers involved extremely small: a few dozen armed men on Zanzibar Island, a few hundred each in Tanganyika, Uganda, and Kenya, an area the size of Europe with a population of twenty-five million. Nevertheless, the revolution was successful in Zanzibar, and the mainland mutineers held their governments so effectively at ransom that British troops had to be called to the rescue. Through this chain of circumstances, the Russians and Chinese are now installed twenty-two miles off East Africa's shores, British troops are deployed along a thousand-mile line from Entebbe to Dar es Salaam, and three large but egregiously defenseless young states have ended up where they would dearly love not to be—in the middle of the cold war.

There would be nothing so exceptional in the story, if not for the fact that one of these states is Tanganyika. Revolutions and mutinies have been breaking out all over Africa since the rush to independence, few young states have been strong enough to defend themselves, and several are already up to their necks in the cold war. But Tanganyika is a special case. As the southernmost of the newly independent nations, it lies at the gateway to that tantalizing end of the continent where white governments are digging in for their last stand: the Portuguese colonies of Mozambique and Angola, Southern Rhodesia, South Africa. With the lion's share of Africa's mineral wealth and industry, these last white outposts are a fabulously rich prize. The question whether or not black Africa's flag can be raised there, when, how, and by whom, is deeply interesting to a great many people: the white governments themselves, the rival black power blocs in Africa, the colonial and ex-colonial powers, Moscow, Peking; and everybody in the game is scrambling for position now in Tanganyika, the official host country for the Freedom Fighters from all the territories concerned.

TANGANYIKA doesn't deserve such merciless exposure to intrigue. Serene, sensible, blessedly free of tribal warfare, regional quarrels, territorial ambitions, and fanatic racism, Tanganyika has earned the right to be left in peace. So has its president, Julius Nyerere, the gentle philosopher who won his ten-year fight against colonial rule without a shot being fired. Thoughtful, honest, warmly human and unpretentious—one of his early acts as president was to launch an anti-pomposity campaign—Nyerere is the rare kind of African leader who believes in nonalignment as a principle rather than a device for deficit financing, and who genuinely deplores violence. (Though he is all for liberating southern Africa, and has given the Freedom Fighters hospitality for that reason, he really thinks that they can, and should, do their liberating by peaceful means.) Yet everything that Tanganyika and its president have stood for—peace, true neutrality, stability, political sanity—went up in smoke in January, when an army that had never been used or needed suddenly went on a rampage.

For forty-eight hours, Dar es Salaam was altogether at the mercy of one mutinous battalion—half the standing army—which occupied the armory, airport, post office, telephone exchange, radio station, main roads and bridges, and might just as well have occupied the State House, since it was empty. With Nyerere and most of his cabinet in hiding, the government couldn't even discover what the mutineers were after, until Defense Minister Oscar Kambona bravely went over to Colito Barracks to ask them. What they wanted, they said (after roughing up Kambona), was better pay and promotions to the jobs held by twenty-nine British officers they had kidnapped. But even when Kambona had agreed to these demands (and induced the rebels to bundle the British officers onto a plane for Kenya instead of shooting them) the mutiny wasn't over. It did not end, in fact, until Nyerere finally found the courage, after a week of rioting and looting that took twenty-four lives, to ask Britain for the troops now patrolling the country.

Nothing could have been more reassuring or more British than the manner of these troops' arrival. Within hours of their landing, the mutineers were disarmed, Dar es Salaam was relaxed, and a British military band was giving a concert in the capital's central park, as it

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TANGANYIKA'S LEADER

Julius Kambarage Nyerere, who led Tanganyika to independence, now faces the task of building "a cohesive society" in that East African land, which was first explored about 1500 by the Portuguese. In 1885 it was taken over by Germany as a protectorate, only to be seized by the British during the First World War. A British mandate over Tanganyika was approved by the League of Nations in 1922, about the time Nyerere was born, one of twenty-six children of a polygamous tribal chief. He studied at Makarere College in Uganda, where he organized the Tanganyika Students Association. He was baptized a Roman Catholic at the age of twenty, and became a *mwalimu* or teacher at Catholic mission schools. In 1949, three years after the League mandate became a U.N. trusteeship, Nyerere won a scholarship to the University of Edinburgh and was graduated in 1952 with a Master of Arts degree. He founded the Tanganyika African National Union (TANU), the country's only political party, in 1954, and in 1961 became the new nation's first prime minister, a post he resigned to a colleague after six weeks. "I resigned," he explained, "because I wanted to stop the identification of Tanganyika with Nyerere. The attitude that Nyerere and Tanganyika were synonymous was a false basis for a new country to start making its way." A month later the legislature voted to make Tanganyika a republic within the Commonwealth, giving the president broad powers and abolishing the office of prime minister. Nyerere, after resigning, directed all his energies to building his party. In the election of November, 1962, he was chosen Tanganyika's first president.

had done on countless Sunday afternoons since the First World War, when Britain took over the former German colony. But the return of these troops to Tanganyika, just two years after their departure on Independence Day, has been bitterly humiliating for a country so proud of standing on its own feet. Time and again during these last weeks, Nyerere has begged his people to forgive him for calling the British back, and the crowds have shouted, "We forgive you!" Still they have clearly lost much of their old faith in him, as he has in them.

Since the mutiny, the president has fired his whole army and a good part of his police force, imposed censorship, arrested two hundred trade unionists on suspicion of conspiracy with the mutineers, dissolved the Tanganyika Labor Federation, and speeded up preparations for a constitutional one-party state. Furthermore, he has disarmed the four hundred Mozambique Freedom Fighters training on his territory, impounded the arms sent by Algeria for all the other Freedom Fighters training here, and declared eight southern African liberation movements based in Dar es Salaam to be subject to the closest security scrutiny.

All this may seem out of character for a gentle philosopher. But Nyerere has learned how perishable such a leader can be in the New Africa. The shocking impotence of his government under attack was an unforgettable lesson.

Who Advised Whom?

It is a much less indulgent Nyerere, therefore, who is investigating the mysterious circumstances behind last January's disturbances. The official theory is that the mutiny was a spontaneous "strike" for higher wages, led by an education sergeant who got the idea from reading newspaper accounts of the Zanzibar revolution. But the theory is full of holes. It takes time to organize a good mutiny, and this one was organized most efficiently only seven days after the revolution in Zanzibar; it was followed within forty-eight hours by similar though less effective mutinies in neighboring Kenya and Uganda; it had no sooner broken out than the Tanganyika Labor Federation called for a nationwide general strike, which would have paralyzed the country politically as well as economically; and the mutineers, though surely interested in getting more money, didn't call off their mutiny when they got it.

The second theory is that the mutiny had been in preparation for some time, and had come off ahead of schedule when the news came from Zanzibar. This idea, which presupposes that the conspirators were simply disgruntled Tanganyikans, has fewer holes, for there are plenty of disgruntled Tanganyikans. The country is dreadfully poor, and *uhuru* (independence) has fallen very short indeed of popular expectations. Babies are still dying of hunger. Nine out of ten citizens, living solely off the land, seldom see a cash dollar. Their average income is still no more than $55 a year (which the government plans to double in twenty years). Only 245,000 people in a population of ten million have any kind of job at all; few earn more than $25 a month (the rebel soldiers were actually earning $15); and because of the Africans' lack of education, most of the better-paying civil-service jobs are either vacant—a quarter of the total—or held by British expatriates and Asians. Natural resentment, furthermore, has been exacerbated in this case by Nyerere's refusal to cater to popular sentiment. There isn't a more sacred issue in liberated Africa than what is called Africanization: the accelerated appointment of black citizens to white men's jobs, without excessive regard for their qualifications. Yet, realizing how badly he needs the skill and capital of Tanganyika's twenty-two thousand European and ninety-two thousand Asian residents (mainly Indians), Nyerere has recently called a halt to Africanzation here, saying there would be no further discrimination in the black man's favor. His African subjects were scandalized, and said so.

It is possible that this decree, issued early in January, had more than anything else to do with the blow-up in Colito Barracks. Nyerere still doesn't know whether or not the mutineers had something more sinister in mind, or were in close touch with anyone else who did. Knowing little, he must inevitably suspect nearly everybody: the Ghanaians, for instance, who consider him a serious impediment to their plans for a grand military onslaught on southern Africa; several Freedom Fighters who feel the same way; their own worst enemies, Dr. Hendrik Verwoerd's apartheid government and Winston Field's Rhodesian Front, which also have cause to wish Nyerere harm; Red China's agents, who have been so active among the various Freedom Fighter groups here; and, of course, the revolutionary leaders of Zanzibar, who had been commuting to and from Dar es

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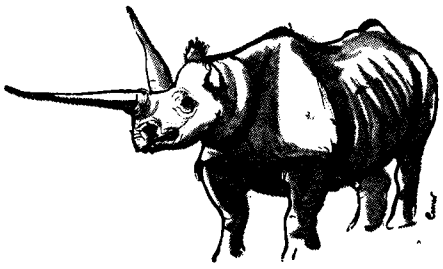
Salaam for weeks on end before the troubles began. It is mostly on these leaders that Nyerere is concentrating his attention, for whatever their role in the January mutiny, they are certainly a menace to his security now.

Okello's Rise and Fall

There is no doubt that the men with effective power in the new Zanzibar People's Republic are Marxists —not merely left-wing nationalists, or African socialists, or parlor radicals, but Communists. Of the four who hold strategic positions in the régime, two are especially noteworthy and by far the most powerful: the vice-president (whose functions are those of prime minister), Sheik Abdullah Hanga; and the foreign minister, Sheik Abdul Rahman Mohamed, nicknamed Babu. Hanga, an intractable Stalinist, studied at Patrice Lumumba University in Moscow for two and a half years, is married to a Russian correspondent for *Trud,* and is particularly distinguished for having twice stalked out of the Zanzibar assembly last fall during ceremonies commemorating the death of President Kennedy. Babu is a Chinese-oriented Marxist who was a member of the British Communist Party from 1952 to 1956; he has long been an editor of the Chinese-line review *Revolution* (formerly published in Lausanne, now in Paris); he has also edited the Chinese-line *Zanews* in Zanzibar; and he has for years received a generous salary—reportedly $7,000 a month—as correspondent for the New China News Agency.

Actually, no one quite knows how Babu and Hanga got where they are, either. They do not appear to have been put there by the Russians or Chinese, who, after backing practically every horse in the race for the past three years, seem surprised to have finally drawn a winning ticket. Nor, apparently, did they move in on their own initiative. According to the best available accounts, they meant to, since they were involved in one of three simultaneous plots to overthrow the sultan's minority Arab government. But they were beaten to the punch by "Field Marshal" John Okello, who claims he had never set eyes on them before naming them to their present posts. A Uganda-born mainlander and former interpreter of dreams for the Mau Mau in Kenya, Okello says he knew about the other plots—one involving Babu and Hanga, another involving the new President, Sheik Abeid Amani Karume—but didn't trust either group to do the job properly. So, he explains, he trained his own commandos in Kenya and did it himself.

For some weeks after the revolution, the true political quality of the new régime was obscured by the exotic behavior of Field Marshal Okello, who, far from having any clear political affiliations, seemed, quite simply, insane. With all the



guns on the island under his control, and a commando squad consisting mostly of primeval Mokambo tribesmen from Mozambique, the self-appointed field marshal held 300,000 islanders in a nightmare grip of terror. It was Okello who ordered the massacre of at least five hundred Arabs and Indians, who decreed sixty-five strokes of the cane (which only the strongest men can survive) as the penalty for looting, who frightened the wits out of any potential opponents by ranting over the Zanzibar radio about the "999,999,000 Africans" behind him, the "God of the Africans" guiding him, the hundred grenades he could make each hour, the five hundred guns he could manufacture each day, the bomb he alone possessed which could "destroy an area of three square miles." Then, when he had thus established order and assured the survival of his hand-picked cabinet, he was exiled, and everything got much clearer.

IT IS CLEAR now, for instance, that the new Zanzibar régime is not composed of bloodthirsty, demented fanatics but of perfectly sane men with a purpose. They do not all have exactly the same purpose: Babu and Hanga have their ideological differences, and neither shares the views of President Karume, an African nationalist who isn't a Marxist at all. The difference is often pointed out hopefully, here in Dar es Salaam, by Tanganyikans who would like to believe that Karume will eventually get the upper hand. The hope may not be entirely groundless: Karume is enormously popular among the mainland Africans who make up half the island's population; and Babu, a half-Arab who once headed the now-dissolved Arab party, could probably not get along without him. When it comes to making vital decisions, however, the contest will be uneven. President Karume is an uneducated and rather slow-thinking boatman who used to ferry tourists to Turtle Island. He hardly seems a match for the sophisticated, well-traveled, quick-witted Babu, a veteran of Chelsea cocktail parties and Fenner Brockway's

THE QUOTABLE NYERERE

"I feel Africa has a contribution to make to the world, but we can only make it if we are strong enough to look out for ourselves and not be pushed around by big powers trying to use us like pawns in the East-West struggle."

"Small nations are like indecently dressed women. They tempt the evil-minded."

"The United States should judge African needs on their merits. Don't offer us engineers because the Russians might send some first. Send us engineers because we need them and you want to help us. . . . The United States should always adhere to the moral line. You can't explain away moral issues on the ground that your allies might be embarrassed."

"Nationalism has aroused great expectations among our people, but the natural rules are not going to change. Mangoes will not stop taking the usual four years to flower in order to help Julius out of a problem. But my people will still have that expectation of a rapid change. That is the worry."

"We would like to light a candle on top of Kilimanjaro, which will shine beyond our borders, giving hope where there was despair, love where there was hate, and dignity where before there was only humiliation."

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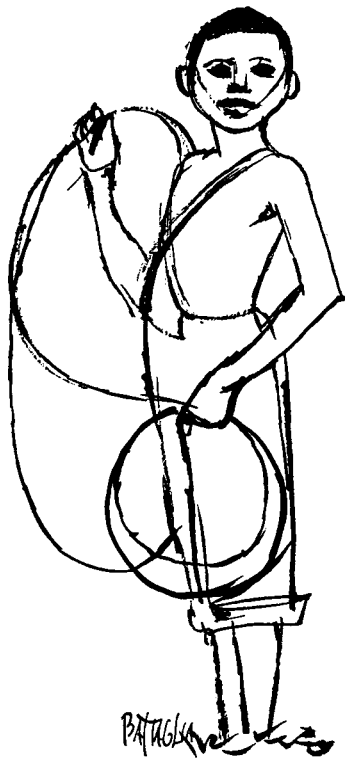
Movement for Colonial Freedom in London.

It is too soon to say how Babu and Hanga intend to proceed. So far, their only important moves have been to redeem all pawn tickets on the island (without compensating the pawnbrokers), and ask Chou En-lai for money. Never profligate in these matters, the Chinese leader has come up with $520,000. Since this is less than a quarter of the yearly sum that Britain used to provide, the new régime will be strapped for funds. In a mischievous mood, Babu suggested recently to an *Observer* correspondent that he might pick up a little more money by "running holiday camps for left-wing intellectuals. They could come for three weeks for a bit of work and adventure. Toddy [coconut wine] is a fair substitute for red wine. We could advertise toddy parties in Zanzibar." Eventually, however, Chou En-lai will no doubt come up with more. He has already invested what is for him a substantial amount in Zanzibar over the last three years, providing duplicating machines, typewriters, motor scooters, scholarships in Peking, and occasional little treats in cash for all of the island's nationalist parties, and can count now on excellent returns: while Zanzibar is of little use to him for its own sake, it is only a canoe trip from Dar es Salaam and a long unguarded coast, offering him a through highway to Tanganyika, Mozambique, and southern Africa for whatever political or military commerce he might have in mind. For the same reason the Soviets too will no doubt come up with some financial offer, if only to keep an eye on the traffic.

From there on, according to a government leaflet, the new People's Republic will proceed with its revolution against the "feudalists . . . and imperialists . . . who exploited the broad masses of the poor people." Considering how truly poor most Zanzibaris are, almost anything the government does would be an improvement. What worries Nyerere and a lot of other people isn't the régime's domestic policy but its activities abroad.

No one expects Babu and Hanga to make a frontal political assault on Tanganyika or other East African states. "We in Zanzibar have to take into account the political system in East Africa," says Babu. "There must be no violent divergence between our system and theirs, as we could not then coexist—and we need coexistence." But this doesn't mean that Babu and Hanga will either put a stop to the discreet activities of their Chinese friends or abandon their own close friends on the mainland. What really worries Nyerere is not that the Zanzibar People's Republic will be hostile to Tanganyika but that relations will be all too intimate.

Relations have always been close between Tanganyika and Zanzibar:



and they have been particularly so since a ten per cent Arab minority managed, through a curious election law sanctioned by Britain, to win control of the island's first independent assembly. The resentment of Zanzibar's mainland Africans and local Shirazis (mixed African and Persian) was fully shared by the Tanganyikans and the Kenyans next door, both of whom had a hand in the various plots to overthrow the sultan. Though it is almost impossible to get the facts straight, such evidence as there is indicates that Okello's plot was supported by left-wing Kenyans, and Karume's by several highly placed Tanganyikans, including Nyerere. Babu and Hanga had other connections, most notably with the Tanganyikan minister of defense and foreign affairs, Oscar Kambona.

This was also natural, in a way, since Hanga had been Kambona's roommate in London for three years, and Kambona, though not a Communist, is not an anti-Communist either. An educated and militant Pan-African nationalist, he is considerably to the left of Nyerere, and is the only politician here capable of challenging the president's leadership. His courageous behavior during the January mutiny seems to rule him out as its actual instigator: he could easily have taken power at the time if he had not, personally and alone, faced down the mutineers and made the State House safe again for Nyerere.

Nevertheless, he is known to have met frequently with Hanga and Babu during those vital weeks before Tanganyika's mutiny and Zanzibar's revolution. It would be interesting to discover—and Nyerere would probably give a lot to know—who was giving advice to whom.

How Soon Can the British Leave?

The worst of it, for Nyerere, is that he can be sure of so little. It is only now, too late to get at the truth behind events that very nearly made a shambles of his country, that he has re-established the intelligence service he had so casually disbanded some time ago. All he can really be sure of is that he would not be in office, and might not be alive, without British protection. Since he obviously has dangerous enemies and no longer has an army, he can also be reasonably sure that he and his country will be helplessly exposed to subversion when the British leave—as they must fairly soon.

Britain's position here at the moment is no less awkward than Tanganyika's. Whitehall's whole decolonization policy depends on tact and restraint in supporting the governments that the British have left in charge of their former colonies; and while they willingly sent troops on the urgent request of these governments, they would like nothing better than to withdraw them again as soon as possible. The dangerous security situation throughout East Africa is unquestionably a matter of

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great concern to the British government, especially because of developments in Zanzibar: Whitehall would have been delighted if President Karume had asked for British intervention, as other East African leaders did, and actually kept the aircraft carrier *Victorious* waiting in Dar es Salaam's harbor for a full three weeks in hopes of getting such an invitation. Not having received it, however, the *Victorious* diplomatically sailed away on February 10—two days before thirty-three African foreign ministers convened in Dar es Salaam to discuss ways and means of getting British troops out of Tanganyika.

The ways and means were not readily discernible. Of all the countries represented at the conference, only Nigeria was in a position to offer Nyerere so much as a token contingent of African troops without endangering its own or Tanganyika's security. All the rest were either just as insecure as Tanganyika, or had no armies to speak of, or were involved in military engagements of some kind against each other, or were politically unacceptable to Nyerere. (Most prominent in the last category were Algeria and Ghana.)

THE CONFERENCE, therefore, was not much of a solace to Nyerere—or to the Freedom Fighters on his soil. Checking down the list of delegates and ticking off their various troubles, one couldn't help wondering where the force might conceivably come from for the big push to free southern Africa from entrenched white rule. Still, one could agree with Nyerere when he warned the conference that the "state of affairs in Tanganyika might interfere with the effectiveness, or even the psychological comfort, of these Freedom Movements." Whatever their prospects of success, however long it might take to achieve, there are thousands of Freedom Fighters in training who have nothing else to do. Some have guns already, others who have lost them will surely get more from some source or other. So long as there is no effective force around to shield them from international agents, from their less scrupulous African brothers, or from each other, the situation, as Nyerere says, is "exploitable."

Detroit: New Model in City Hall

THOMAS R. BROOKS

FOR a "pocket of poverty," Detroit is a surprisingly optimistic city. Within the airy offices of Detroit's new $26-million white-marble and glass City-County Building, officials talk hopefully of a return to the city by middle-aged suburbanites, the construction of the nearby $12-million Pontchartrain Hotel, and of General Motors' decision to invest an estimated $75 million in rebuilding its Ternstedt parts plant and refurbishing Cadillac facilities rather than moving elsewhere. Sanguineness falls off sharply in the black belt and slums girdling downtown Detroit, but hopes rise again as one moves out along Woodward and Grand River Avenues to the single- and two-family-house Negro neighborhoods. Here the Trade Union Leadership Council runs evening classes to upgrade the business English, typing, and shorthand skills of eager girls as well as the leadership skills of older Negro activists. Optimism runs higher in the white neighborhoods at the edge of the city and zooms in the suburbs, where you are told that all problems will be solved by the current rate of automobile production—1964 is expected to be a better than seven-million-car year.

This is an article of faith for the 3.76 million people who live in the auto capital and its environs. (Detroit itself has a population of 1.67 million, down from 1.85 million in 1950.) Chrysler, Detroiters eagerly volunteer, "is hiring back to 1955," referring to the resurgence of the weakest member of the Big Three producers. The company, they say, has exhausted its recall list and is "crying for help." The help-wanted ads seem to bear this out; Chrysler Corporation, "an equal opportunity employer," will consider electricians, millwrights, pipefitters, and toolmakers of less than journeyman status.

Paradoxically, the seven-million-car year has proved to be something of a problem to Detroit. As a distressed area, the city was eligible for Federal area redevelopment and accelerated public-works funds, and as President Johnson's "war on poverty" got under way, the city could hope for even more Federal aid. But the auto boom caused the unemployment rate in the Detroit area—encompassing Macomb, Oakland, and Wayne Counties—to drop to 3.9 per cent in September, 1963. In January, it rose to 4.7 per cent, still short of the six per cent needed to qualify as a distressed area and for special Federal assistance. Consequently Detroit suffers, for the city's unemployment rate is significantly higher than that of its metropolitan area.

A breakdown of the 1960 census figures for the city shows that out of 797 census tracts, 211 had male unemployment rates higher than ten per cent. The rate for the city itself was 10.2 per cent, with the Negro unemployment rate just about double. Since then the auto boom has cut the city's jobless rate but not by as much as outside Detroit proper. Detroit's employment rate is now probably about eight per cent, with a hard core of 56,000 unemployed.

The loss of Federal distressed-areas aid would have seriously curtailed job retraining programs, youth employment projects, and a host of other anti-poverty measures in Detroit. To counteract this threat, the city's thirty-five-year-old Democratic mayor, Jerome P. Cavanaugh, has spent a good deal of time in Washington, where he recently succeeded in persuading the Department of Labor to separate Detroit from its metropolitan area to qualify it for area redevelopment and accelerated public-works aid.

The New Breed

Cavanaugh, like other big-city mayors such as Robert F. Wagner of New York, James H. J. Tate of Philadelphia, Richard J. Daley of Chicago, and Jack Shelley of San Francisco—is depending on closer city-Federal relations as the answer to urban problems. "We get a lot of

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sympathy from the state," he said, "but very little cash." For Detroiters, their young mayor is also a new model in local politics. The son of a boilermaker at Ford, Cavanaugh attended local parochial schools and earned his bachelor's degree in political science and a law degree from the University of Detroit. He entered politics early, working with the Young Democrats, but to most he was just another lawyer when he entered the field with ten other unknowns running against Mayor Louis C. Miriani in the 1961 nonpartisan primary race. Cavanaugh put all the small campaign funds he raised into television and newspaper advertisements to make himself stand out of the pack. It worked; Cavanaugh ran second in the primary, designed to reduce the number of candidates to three.

To the experts, Miriani seemed an easy winner. The AFL-CIO city labor council backed him. So did Walter P. Reuther's United Auto Workers with 175,000 members in Detroit. Even Henry Ford II, a resident of suburban Grosse Pointe, announced that if he lived in the city he would vote for Miriani. Having spoken, the power structure sat back confidently. But not Cavanaugh. He tirelessly canvassed the neighborhoods. His religion was an asset, for Detroit is forty-five per cent Catholic. He also developed three unexpected sources of support that remain the mainstay of his administration. These were the Detroit firemen and their families, resentful because Miriani had dipped into their pension funds to bail out the city's finances; the Negro community—thirty per cent of the population—angry because a police crackdown on crime dragged in thousands of innocent Negroes; and the liberal young professionals, who felt ignored by Miriani. Cavanaugh's vote ran as high as ninety per cent in the solid Negro precincts, but he also pulled seventy per cent or better in white low-income and working-class neighborhoods. He won handily.

After the ballots were counted, white Detroit began to fret over the significance of the Negro "swing vote" that helped put Cavanaugh in office and worried lest the new mayor raise real-estate taxes to meet a record $34.5-million deficit. Black Detroit simply waited, hoping that pre-election promises would be fulfilled. Then, with one appointment, Cavanaugh allayed many of these fears. He named Alfred M. Pelham, a Negro financial expert, city controller. Pelham tackled Detroit's muddled finances, and urged both fresh income and tax relief for the homeowner and businessman. Cavanaugh persuaded the Detroit Common Council to approve a one per cent income tax on Detroiters and suburbanites working in the city. The initial uproar has quieted down, and the new tax is expected to erase the deficit by 1966 and real-estate taxes may be lowered substantially.

The Formless City

The auto, of course, still dominates Detroit. Almost everyone drives, and four-lane—and wider—streets crisscross the city, preventing the growth of cozy neighborhoods. The industrial corridors do not enfold any "old neighborhoods" where urbanites might make a stand against the rush to the suburbs. The auto is also responsible for the lack of a true center for the city. The Institute of Arts, Wayne State University, and the Fisher Theatre are all a great distance from the downtown shopping district and from the Civic Center and Ford Auditorium, where the Detroit Symphony may be heard. There is no cohesiveness about Detroit.

Perhaps urban renewal may do the most to give the formless factory town a modern, cosmopolitan aspect. Cavanaugh likes to point to the projected Detroit Medical Center, scheduled to be completed within ten years, as typical of "the future Detroit." Some 236 acres alongside the still unfinished east-side Chrysler Expressway will be cleared of blighted dwellings to make way for a vast renewal complex, embracing hospitals, commercial research centers, schools, and housing for the Medical Center's middle-class professionals as well as for the lower-income hospital workers, students, and nurses. But much of the area surrounding the pockets of renewal is drab. Nondescript two- and three-story dwellings dominate the inner city. Empty store fronts pockmark gray streets that monotonously repeat themselves, block after dreary block. B. J. Widick, a Wayne State sociologist and labor expert, has described the emerging pattern of rebuilding as a "downtown commercial center fenced in by luxury apartments; then comes the ghetto and then the suburbs."

According to Widick, "The hard core of unemployed of the fading factory city are now old enough to retire. The currently unemployed are more and more school dropouts, Negroes . . ." Idleness and poverty breeds crime. The number of arrests for robbery and burglary rose from twelve thousand in 1949 to more than twenty-one thousand in 1963. And to Detroit, crime is black, just one indicator of the tense racial situation which any discussion of this city must eventually include.

Negro Appointees

There have been no recent disturbances like the school boycotts in Boston, Chicago, and New York, or the noisy sitdowns in San Francisco. Much of the credit, both races agree, belongs to Mayor Cavanaugh. In addition to Controller Pelham, he has appointed Theodore Morgan, a Negro UAW official, as secretary of the Department of Public Works, and Mrs. Esther LaMarr, a Negro probation officer, as head of the Mayor's Commission on Children and Youth. Also, Negroes have been upgraded all along the line in city jobs.

The mayor credits "sensible" Negro leadership for much that is "positive" in Detroit's race relations. The Negro community is a stable one. About thirty-nine per cent, a higher proportion than in New York or Chicago, own their own homes. "We've taken on the hard issues that could be emotionalized by the black bigots," Horace Sheffield, a leader of the UAW-based Trade Union Leadership Council, told me. By rallying Negro activists politically and maintaining a firm grip on leadership with the Negro community, the TULC (which backed Cavanaugh for mayor over UAW objections), along with the older Negro organizations, the churches, and the NAACP, has channeled discontent away from the black nationalists and other extremists.

Beneath this outward calm is a good deal of tension. Negroes in

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Detroit are critical of the educational system. They are irked by the knowledge that it is virtually impossible for Negroes to buy into white neighborhoods, not to speak of the suburbs—though twenty-seven per cent of Negro families receive sufficient income to purchase houses at or above the median level in Detroit of $10,000-$12,000. Thus open occupancy is a potentially explosive issue, but Cavanaugh supports it strongly. As one expert in the field said, "Until the Negroes are free to move into the bedroom communities, the middle class will not feel free to move back into the city."

A Mayor Who Reads

Nonetheless, Detroit Negroes share the basic optimism of their white neighbors about the future of their city. This optimism is perhaps too narrowly based on the current auto boom. "If auto production caves in we're lost," warned Common Council member Mel Ravitz. Detroiters do not question industry spokesmen's assertion that the seven-million-car year is here to stay.

Perhaps Mayor Cavanaugh is less sanguine than his fellow citizens, for he places hopes for a better Detroit on the diversification of local industry. As he has said, "Detroit now has more non-auto manufacturing jobs than Boston, Pittsburgh and Cleveland. Of the 135 census classifications of manufacture, Detroit has 127—more than any other city in America. . . . We have the nucleus for greater diversity."

Cavanaugh, so far, has managed to bridge this new Detroit and the vestiges of the old factory town. After all, as Brendan Sexton of the UAW pointed out, "There hasn't been a mayor in years in this town who'd read a book." Not only does Cavanaugh read; he has passed Michael Harrington's *The Other America* around to all his staff and organized informal discussions based on it. He has also arranged to borrow paintings from the Detroit Institute of Arts, all scrupulously labeled "Contemporary American," for hanging in anterooms, corridors, and offices of the municipal buildings. This touch is symbolic, for the mayor and his city are aggressively "Contemporary American."

The Soviet Shadow Economy

JOSEPH M. HOCHSTEIN

WHEN the Russians announced the arrest last fall of a group of clandestine businessmen who had set up and operated a factory in a Moscow mental institution, one expert on Soviet affairs observed that "The story, as told by *Izvestia*, could have come straight out of Gogol."

Izvestia reported that a citizen had bribed his way into the managership of an occupational-therapy workshop for mental patients. He and his accomplices then converted the workshop into a clandestine knitwear factory, illegally importing 460 tons of raw wool, fifty-eight knitting machines, and other equipment from farms and factories as distant as Leningrad, almost four hundred miles to the north, and Poltava, four hundred and forty miles to the south. The secret factory established illegal commercial ties to fifty-two state factories, collective farms, and workers' co-operatives; even members of the Soviet economic police were involved. Bribery, of course, was practiced on a large scale—*Izvestia* listed payoffs totaling $195,000 at the official exchange rate, or a week's pay for almost ten thousand Soviet textile workers—and the profits were accordingly great. The Soviet government newspaper said the underground factory obtained supplies worth three million rubles ($3.3 million at the official exchange rate), or more than 1,680 per cent of the original "investment" in bribes.

Although the case is of modest proportions compared with other clandestine enterprises, Edward Crankshaw, the noted British Kremlinologist, pointed out that the knitwear factory illustrates how the Soviet economy today is ". . . a highly theoretical system of centralized control, which does not work and can be kept in being only if authority turns a blindish eye to a vast illegal network of undercover dealings which enable the producers to short-circuit bureaucratic channels and organize a distribution network of their own." Crankshaw's suggestion that a second, underground economy provides a necessary lubricant for the over-all Soviet economy is not without an official echo in the Kremlin. Soviet Premier Nikita S. Khrushchev, in a speech to industrial and construction workers last year, said that "Some kind of mutual tie has been formed between enterprises and has persisted for many years. So we maneuver around it, are afraid to disturb it, take no decisive steps to improve the situation."

Some steps, of course, are being taken. For almost three years, the Soviet press has provided a growing variety of similar reports in connection with an official crackdown on speculators, black marketeers, illegal traders, clandestine manufacturers, and other violators of the Soviet economic order. In bits and pieces, these accounts yield a tapestry of an

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unseen side of the Soviet economy.

They portray an official economy so riddled with illegal profiteering that a parallel underground economy of considerable proportions now exists, one that is more subtle and complicated than a standard black market, and much larger as well. Some specialists in Soviet affairs call it a gray market, for it apparently involves millions of persons, many of whom are officially respectable and not all of whom fit the accepted definitions of black marketeers.

Seemingly fantastic ventures built around nonexistent people and invisible corporations take place in this netherworld of commerce with no present-day Gogol to record their essence. The only chronicler is the official press, and the exploits it describes are obviously regarded by the Soviet leadership as serious offenses. Since mid-1961, thousands of persons have been reprimanded and jailed for economic crime, and about two hundred have been sentenced to death by shooting.

OF HUNDREDS of published reports, those appearing in provincial newspapers uncirculated in Moscow often offer the most detailed information about the modern style of Soviet chicanery. A story headlined "End of a Joint-Stock Corporation," in the Uzbek provincial newspaper *Tashkentskaya Pravda,* described a trial of twenty-one persons who started a clandestine manufacturing business in the Remmebel state furniture factory at the direction of their chief engineer, S. G. Brodsky. "The necessary raw material—viscose—was obtained by Brodsky & Co. by bribing employees of the Barnaulsky synthetic fiber factory and many other enterprises," the newspaper reported. "However, only a small portion of the viscose was delivered directly [to the secret factory]. The majority was resold to similar shadowy operators. To cover up the thefts, wide-scale write-offs of viscose and cord were practiced, with spoilage claims for large amounts, and the raw materials written off in this manner were transferred to the manufacturing Combine No. 2 of the Uzbek Society for the Blind. Thus were the ends of the operation tucked in."

In the Ukraine, sixty-two managers and workers were tried for having taken control of the Kiev City Fruit and Vegetable Trade Trust. They included warehouse directors, trade specialists, store managers and their assistants, and officials of the trade trust. The provincial newspaper *Pravda Ukrainy* said that their activities cost the state more than 500,000 rubles in only a few months. To divert state food shipments to private resale, the group made false reports of the quality and amount of food delivered by farms ". . . and simply reduced the quality and sometimes wrote shipments off as spoiled. This is how they got hold of hundreds of tons of perfectly good and sometimes high-quality apples, oranges, lemons, and bananas."

In neither of these cases did any of the eighty-three convicted persons receive a sentence of more than fifteen years. Nor did either case become news to foreigners. In the main, the only Soviet economic crime trials of which Americans have been immediately aware have been those involving death sentences that were announced in Moscow. Since only fifty of the first 160 death sentences were reported in Moscow newspapers or in national magazines available to correspondents in Moscow, the full extent of the crime revelations has seldom received even routine coverage on American news wires. In fact, few of the 110 death sentences announced outside Moscow by provincial publications have found their way into any western news reports, and then only belatedly. For example, a trial in which eight illegal traders were sentenced to death was announced February 28, 1963, by *Lvovskaya Pravda.* On April 15, the story was uncovered by the New York *Herald Tribune,* whose Moscow correspondent cabled: "The mass executions, unreported in any of the major national Soviet dailies easily available in Moscow, were carried in a local newspaper serving the Lvov industrial regional Communist Party committee. The paper cannot be purchased by westerners in Moscow, but a copy became available yesterday." Only then was the story picked up by major wire services and the New York *Times.*

How could such an extensive underground economy operate in a police state? One basic skill required is the ability to falsify records. Phony bookkeeping in the Soviet Union has been widely documented in the past, of course, mainly in connection with attempts to conceal production shortcomings and unfulfilled quotas. That practice continues, as *Izvestia* observed in a dispatch last year from Tselinograd, where farm managers apparently were failing to enroll enough workers in tractor operators' courses. One official padded his enrollment with thirty-seven fictitious names. Another, according to *Izvestia,* "remembering the experience of the landowner Chichikov [the central figure of Gogol's *Dead Souls*] added on forty-three souls. . . . Khimak Yashev, director of the Kalinin State Farm, set the record. On the farm he heads, there are no courses at all, but the reports show 188 students."

From Omar to Garbage

False bookkeeping for embezzlement is also a familiar theme. The periodical *Soviet Culture* has reported that two bookkeepers in the Ukraine were sentenced to death for embezzling through fictitious literary royalties. *Izvestia* has reported that the records of the Kirghiz State Publishing House show money expended since 1962 as royalty payments to eight dead authors, including the poet Omar Khayyam, born in 1040, and the philosopher Avicenna, born in 980.

A special feature of the press disclosures since the economic crime trials opened shows how Soviet citizens have learned to juggle books not only to conceal failures and embezzlement but also to pyramid their incomes by conducting undercover business. *Pravda* and *Izvestia* have both described how the chief physician in the city of Kentau used false bookkeeping to make possible a series of underground business ventures involving, among other things, his hospital's garbage.

The doctor merely ordered a nonexistent nurse carried on the payroll of the city hospital, but instead of pocketing her wages, he let the employees in the bookkeeping office take turns collecting the money. Having bought control of the books, the doctor then was able to turn the hospital into a source of capital. He

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raised his own pigs on hospital food. He organized a business selling the hospital garbage, and created three fictitious jobs for himself on the hospital payroll.

In retail trade, those who have mastered the techniques of false bookkeeping can acquire their own production facilities. The equipment is available. In one instance, a group of high officials were exposed last year for selling nine hundred power looms illegally. In reporting the case, *Pravda* commented that "A loom is not a meat grinder; not everyone can buy one. It is issued according to the state plan and only upon orders of the planning agencies. How then did the crooks obtain automatic loans?" The Communist Party newspaper answered its own question by reporting that bribes spread among officials and accountants in key positions enabled the ring to sell state-produced looms to three separate groups of private purchasing agents for delivery to three separate clandestine manufacturing enterprises in the Caucasus, in Central Asia, and near the Black Sea.

But equipment is useless without raw materials. The operator of an illicit lipstick factory in a Moscow suburb obtained his stocks from a state cosmetics plant more than five hundred miles away in Riga, Latvia. He put the state's factory director, chief engineer, and two bookkeepers on his payroll, and they supplied chemical formulas, equipment, and lipstick cases to his secret manufacturing center in the basement of a home he owned on the outskirts of the city. His products were sold throughout the Soviet Union, the local newspaper *Moscovskaya Pravda*, said, and he became so prosperous that he invested part of his wealth in government bonds.

In Moldavia, a group of government tailors used a more direct system for supplying their private factory at the state's expense. The newspaper *Sovetskaya Moldavia* said that the tailors diverted more than 65,000 yards of cloth to private manufacture by the simple ruse of making all suits for the state trade system a size too small.

The newspaper *Pravda Ukrainy* has indicated the vigor of the unauthorized food trade with a report of illegal purchasing by a film troupe that traveled to the Caucasus from the Ukraine. The movie-makers returned to Kiev with ten tons of citrus fruit for resale through private channels in the Ukrainian capital. Since food is perishable and often must be shipped long distances from farm to market, it requires especially efficient transportation in the underground economy. *Economic Gazette*, a Communist Party weekly journal, described a series of clandestine food shipments last year as follows:

"In the course of a single year scores of freight cars and containers

and more than 1,500 consignments of fruit belonging to private individuals were carried by the West Siberian Railroad alone. The total weight of the baggage came to 464,000 pounds. Some 7,700 pounds of plums were confiscated from the speculators Yalabadze and Geniashvili. They had bought them in Georgia and shipped them to Perm in railroad containers. The officials of the Nakhichevan railroad station, in return for bribes, let them have 179 containers.

"There have been similar cases on the Moscow, Northern Sverdlovsk, and Southern Urals railroads. The irresponsibility and gullibility of some railroad, airline, and post-office workers is staggering. Someone loads several tons of fruit aboard a plane, but no one takes an interest in who he is or to whom the fruit belongs."

The plums were shipped to Perm from the Georgian Republic, a distance of 1,250 miles. *Izvestia* has recorded illegal shipments over greater distances, such as a consignment of 880 pounds of tomatoes that went more than 1,500 miles to Minsk from the Uzbek city of Margelan in ninety mail bags, and five tons of cabbage that were driven from Slavyansk to Minsk in a state-owned truck belonging to a highway transport office in Yerevan, the capital of Armenia. An *Izvestia* dispatch from Novosibirsk last summer mentioned other private food shippers and commented: "To get all these loads moving without waiting their turn, so that the vegetables, fruit, etc., will not spoil, whether through the mails, by rail, or on planes, they feel out the morally unstable people among responsible officials and give them bribes." *Economic Gazette* put less stress on the bribery of "morally weak" individuals and more emphasis on shortcomings in the entire official food distribution system; it suggested that the basic problem might be that the state has surrendered important segments of the market in food to private dealers.

Loss into Gain

Another area of vigorous fraud is the Soviet construction industry. Until the state began a drive in 1961 against private ownership of homes, real estate was one of the soundest types of investment for the personal savings of Soviet citizens, so much so that private construction accounted for thirty per cent of all the new housing space created in the period 1952-1960. That private builders could obtain the materials necessary for operations on such a scale is suggested by *Economic Gazette's* disclosure that at the start of the 1961 campaign against private homeownership, about twenty per cent of the Soviet Union's concrete output was being written off each year as "lost," including ten per cent "lost" in transportation.

A recent report on the clandestine construction industry provides further evidence of how it operates. A development of private suburban homes with automatic steam heat, reinforced-concrete cellars, and pre-

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fabricated panels sprang up near the West Siberian Metallurgical Factory in Kemerovo Province. The youth newspaper *Komsomolskaya Pravda,* noting that such supplies could not be obtained through official channels at the factory site, reported that a third of the materials had been obtained fraudulently from a state agency and the remainder through bribery, theft, and deals with black-market truckers.

Examples of the manipulation of large industrial enterprises have also been put on record. One official reported in *Pravda* last year that more than three hundred clandestine movie studios had been organized in Soviet factories since 1961 and had produced more than 1,500 films at a cost of more than ten million rubles. He described the output as "low-grade hack work glorifying the activities of their agencies. The desire to acquire their 'own' movie studios pushes many chiefs of agencies and organizations to direct violations of financial discipline. At the Gorki automobile plant the head of the movie lab receives the wage of a mechanical engineer, and the cameraman, cartoon animator, sound man, and mechanic are registered as engineers. There are a number of false 'foremen,' 'electricians,' and 'storekeepers' at the movie lab of the Likhachev automobile plant."

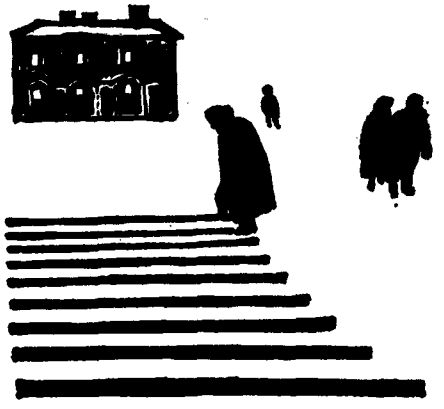
THE TYPE of empire building exemplified by the secret movie studios has been given a name in the Soviet Union: "localism," or the placing of local interests above the needs of the state. Localism is an outgrowth of the drastic post-Stalin economic reorganizations. In 1957 the state replaced its huge nationwide economic ministries with regional economic councils or Sovnarkhozi. One object of that move was to rid the economy of a problem known as "departmentalism," or the placing of a ministry's interests above the needs of the state.

A key figure in Soviet industry has been a kind of expediter known as a "pusher," or lobbyist. He is the man who puts deals together, finds scarce supplies, and knows how to make wheels turn. The director of the Lisichansk chemical combine wrote in *Izvestia* last year that his enterprise "has forty skilled workers engaged in squeezing equipment out of suppliers. They have to travel to Donetsk, Kiev, Moscow, and many other cities." Since his work must be conducted secretly in most cases today, the lobbyist is generally listed on the payroll of his enterprise as performing some other job.

Before lobbying was prohibited in 1961, the journal *USSR Finances* reported visits in the previous year by thirteen thousand lobbyists to the Soviet economic plan headquarters, and by fourteen thousand to the planning headquarters of the Russian Republic. Among the larger under-the-table deals that have come to light since lobbying was officially banned, the disappearance of Karelia's timber crop appears as a prime example of clandestine trade in the service of localism. Karelia, a heavily wooded region bordering Finland, failed for several years in a row to meet its timber quota. Moscow learned later that Karelian authorities had been secretly sending their timber to factories elsewhere in exchange for large amounts of scarce industrial goods such as sheet steel, pig iron, pipe, and rubber tires.

Blame It on the Jews

Just how large is the secret sector of the Soviet economy? On February 29, the Washington *Evening Star,* in an editorial on anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union, estimated that private enterprise accounts for some twenty-five per cent of the Soviet gross national product, and several



Washington experts agree that that estimate is not unreasonable. However, those closest to the subject point out that exact totals cannot be obtained, since neither the planners and police in Moscow nor the Sovietologists in the West can hope to uncover all the figures necessary for a true accounting.

What is known is that the activity is widespread, vigorous, and often concentrated. It appears strongest where the official economy is least adequate: in consumer goods, food supply, construction, services, and relations between industrial enterprises. It is least apparent, of course, where the state is strongest: in armaments production, steel, oil, power generation, and space flight, although deals still crop up in machine-building enterprises and other industrial sectors where the central planning process is faulty.

Even though the state has declared war on clandestine operators, it has not yet employed the broad powers it granted itself in a series of loosely worded decrees that extended the death penalty to economic crime in 1961. Only in the Republic of Kazakhstan has the state enforced a mass crackdown; the firing of more than sixteen thousand officials in Kazakhstan was reported last year.

Against that background, the economic-crime trials that have been in progress since mid-1961 must be viewed as somewhat misleading if not fraudulent, since at the local level the crackdown has been spotty and far from complete. It is also worth noting that more than fifty per cent of the defendants receiving death sentences have been Jews. Press reports have consistently stressed the Jewish identities of economic offenders while failing to identify other defendants, and the press has accompanied these reports with a profusion of virulently anti-Semitic articles. In the Ukraine, where Jews have received ninety per cent of the death sentences, a book issued last year by the Academy of Sciences contains drawings and text portraying Judaism as an ally of Nazi Germany and quoting Karl Marx: "Money is the jealous god of Israel." Agreement is widespread among western experts that the economic trials dovetail neatly with Soviet anti-Semitism, but the precise elements of this relationship remain obscure.

At the same time that the fury of the firing squads is concentrated on Jews and other less-favored elements

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of the Soviet population, guilty officials and Communist Party members go untouched. Some have been jailed and a few shot, but others have retained their privileges after being caught at crimes that would have brought punishment to a plain citizen. For example, the chief of the Vilna Communist Party was caught dealing in automobiles, but instead of being expelled, he was put in charge of production planning in a Vilna enterprise. Caught in illegal deals in this second job, he was expelled from the party, but the journal *Party Life* announced a few weeks ago that his colleagues on the Vilna party committee had revoked the expulsion and restored him to membership.

Winking at the Hoodwinking

Soviet publications often attempt to explain why so many citizens tolerate or engage in illegal commerce. A frequent explanation is that these citizens have not yet learned that to steal from the state is to steal from themselves. Their lack of ideological education is expressed by the Russian word *"perezhitok,"* meaning "survival." This word did not appear in general usage until the Second World War. It functions as a blanket explanation that undesirable conditions are accidental and stem from vestiges of capitalism.

Many other explanations not found in the Soviet press can be adduced. The short supply of consumer goods and consequent heavy demand, the inviting opportunities presented by bureaucratic confusion and red tape, and, above all, the lack of material reward for those who remain totally within the official economy—all can be viewed as essentially modern and peculiarly related to the institutions created under Soviet rule.

But Soviet chicanery has elements that might indeed represent survivals of the past, although not in the sense intended by *perezhitok*. Even without a Gogol to tell the story, the record of sly deception spread in the Soviet press today attests to the continuing vigor of the centuries-old traditions whereby Russians have matched wits with the central governments that have tried to control them from remote seats of power.

Last Chance in the Delta

DENIS WARNER

CAN THO, SOUTH VIETNAM

THIS pretty, tree-lined capital of Phong Dinh Province, the largest in the Mekong Delta, is headquarters for the South Vietnamese Army's IV Corps. Three months ago American advisers working here drove their Jeeps along the main roads of Phong Dinh without fear. "Today when I move anywhere, I move with an escort," said one adviser. "Beyond the town boundary nothing is safe." Sometimes it is not safe within the boundary.

Mao Tse-tung's analogy of guerrillas living like fish in an ocean of peasants is agonizingly apt here. In flashing raids, the Vietcong sharks rip and tear their prey only to vanish unseen into the ocean. The government forces cast blindly into the waters and almost always miss. Major dragnet operations with many battalions catch sprats; big ones get away. "This is a classic Communist insurgency operation," an experienced Vietnamese officer told me. "But the difference between this and the Indochina war is that the Vietcong have so improved their tactics that they are beating us without taking any of the gambles involved in concentrating large forces for what Mao Tse-tung calls mobile war."

The Vietcong strategy has gone through three distinct phases, with the obvious major policy aim of creating a separate operating government outside Saigon.

First, there was a period of quiet political preparation in the remote countryside, beginning soon after the end of the Indochina war in 1954 and continuing until 1959. When the Vietminh withdrew their major forces to North Vietnam in 1954, they left behind the nucleus of the Vietcong; perhaps five thousand men in small and scattered groups of cadres who set to work, often under extremely difficult conditions, to create cells and front organizations in the rural areas.

The second, or terrorist, phase of the operation came in 1959, and was directed at all rural officials who were either unjust administrators or who, by their good example, served the government well. The Vietcong killed bad and good officials; the mediocre ones, those who heard and saw no evil in the Vietcong, survived.

The third phase dates from the creation of the National Liberation Front in December, 1960. It brought the discipline and authority of an alternative government to what had previously been a somewhat haphazard and loosely co-ordinated operation. Its first objective was to capitalize on the widespread opposition to the authoritative Diem régime, and to present a catchall in which not only Communists but many dissi-

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dent non-Communist groups could be brought together—under Communist direction and leadership.

Today, the Front has a central committee about as representative as Diem's undistinguished National Assembly. The solid core—the true believers willing to risk their lives for the cause—runs to about 300,000 in a country of fourteen million. The number who pay lip service is perhaps four or five million, about half of whom are willing to give material help to the Vietcong. From the hard core come the 25,000 regular soldiers, the 80,000 regional troops and guerrillas, and 4,000 agitprop workers, and the 3,000 tough, all-important senior cadres and officials. There are also tens of thousands who act as sources of food and information and as taxgatherers and whose younger members serve as a recruiting pool.

About half of the Vietcong's forty-five identified and elite regular battalions are stationed here in the delta. Another formidable concentration is north and west of Saigon. A third force of significance, together with two regimental headquarters and the only identified Vietcong general, Major General Nguyen Don, is in Quang Ngai and nearby provinces, where the Vietcong have a ready-made political base among twenty thousand families whose sons, husbands, or fathers work in North Vietnam.

MEASURED by the size of the political and propaganda effort, the Vietcong military operation is small. Rarely have the Vietcong used more than a reinforced battalion, or five hundred men, in a single operation. They are much too respectful of counterattacks from helicopters to risk major battle concentrations, preferring to launch simultaneous attacks in adjacent areas. This causes immediate confusion among South Vietnamese relief forces, which almost everywhere are limited in size and availability. By bitter experience, most relief forces have also grown cautious. For the Vietcong's attacks are rarely simple. They will attack a post not merely to seize its guns but also to lure relief forces, either columns moving overland or by helicopter, into carefully prepared ambush positions.

Once again Mao's fish-ocean analogy is apt. Lacking an efficient intelligence organization, the government forces cannot discriminate between friend and foe, while the Vietcong have succeeded in penetrating the South Vietnamese Army, the Civil Guard, and the Self-Defense Corps. Their agents are everywhere.

In a typical recent operation the Vietcong launched simultaneous attacks against a post held by thirty-eight Civil Guards and a nearby watchtower manned by seven members of the Self-Defense Corps. News of the attacks went by radio to the district chief, who had one Civil Guard company available to send as a relief force. His first problem was whether to divide his relief forces, his second whether to send any relief at all, since his own surveillance system reported an ominous lack of normal traffic moving in the general direction of both actions.

His decision was to use M113 armored amphibious carriers, thus avoiding the possibility of a roadside ambush. This was just what the Vietcong had anticipated. The M113s drove across the rice fields straight into a horseshoe-shaped ambush and came under heavy attack from 57-mm. recoilless rifles. One M113 was set afire and burned along with its seven occupants. Vietcong fire also damaged four other carriers and prevented the relief column from reaching the Civil Guard post or the watchtower, which had already been destroyed. In their own good time, the Vietcong broke off the operation and dispersed. They were not followed.

The Vietcong are patient. If a relief column does not show up quickly, they are prepared to wait for it. In Kien Hoa Province, two Civil Guard companies waited a full day before going to a hamlet that had come under attack. For maximum security, they chose separate routes to approach the hamlet. The Vietcong staged two ambushes. The first ambush pinned down one company, and the second wiped out the other company.

The official weekly and monthly reports of the war in the delta are filled with incidents such as this, and of Vietcong attacks led by defectors and agents inside government posts. In one fortnight, eight simultaneous attacks against twenty posts caused the loss of fifty-six government troops and seventy-one weapons—against two Vietcong killed.

This is guerrilla war with a difference. Co-ordination is excellent and involves the use of both telephone and radio. The results speak for themselves. To put an end to the attrition of his Self-Defense Corps outposts, General Co, the IV Corps commander, pulled the troops out of the small and lonely watchtowers that stand by the villages and hamlets. Instead of remaining static, he wanted to become mobile—to carry the war to the Vietcong. But even this basically sound concept produced grim consequences. Hamlets felt that they had been abandoned and let the Vietcong move in unmolested.

A U.S. Operations Mission team, eager to provide a hamlet close to Can Tho with all but the labor to build a new school, waited on the committee to tell it the good news. The offer was politely declined on the grounds that the Vietcong had issued orders that no one was to participate in joint projects with the Americans. It was all right to accept a new school, said the Vietcong, but on no account could any members of the hamlet help in the construction.

Sick and Tired

Not all of the delta is as bad as this. Much of it is worse. To quote a recent U.S. Information Service survey: "If it is meaningful to use the word 'collapse' in the case of a province where at least seventy per cent of land and population alike are already under Vietcong control, or in areas of Vietcong ascendancy by day, what is left of Kiên Hoa province shows signs of being close to the brink of a potentially disastrous collapse of both popular and cadre morale." Unlike another USIS report on Long An Province, where the guards in 169 of the province's 211 strategic hamlets handed in their guns rather than continue to tangle with the Vietcong, this report was not prepared by Vietnamese employees of the service but by a Vietnamese-speaking American official assisted by a Vietnamese field-support representa-

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tive. He based the report on interviews with eleven groups of from ten to twenty-five students ranging in age from thirteen to twenty-two. As in the Long An report, two vital points emerge: the people want security, which they are not getting; and since they believe the Vietcong are winning the war, they would rather be with the winners.

The complaints against the government units are legion. Self-Defense Corps forces steal chickens, pigs, and rice, extort money, and compel the people they are supposed to protect to work without pay. Though more often than not the Self-Defense Corps put up some resistance against Vietcong attacks, they seldom go out on patrol. Village and hamlet officials are often little better than the Self-Defense Corps. They recruit labor without payment. They demand excessive contributions to the strategic-hamlet programs and resort to violence when they are not forthcoming. Peasants who have been forcibly resettled in the hamlets are bitter because they have received less than the promised compensation, or none at all.

According to the USIS survey, villagers are "sick and tired—often quite literally—of being dragooned by Self-Defense Corps or others into rebuilding hamlet fences day after day without pay and having them torn down, or actually being forced to help tear them down, night after night." The hamlet militia is not large enough to be effective and militiamen frequently go without even their token pay for months, although the hamlets are required to contribute for their supposed support. Of the 218 strategic hamlets in Kien Hoa, only eighteen have a really adequate militia system, the U.S. Military Assistance Command reports.

No Victory

Government, if that is the appropriate word for it in the Mekong Delta, ends at the district capital. This is the frayed and dismal end of ties through the provincial capital with Saigon. Police officials continue to operate down to this level, but they do not move beyond it. According to one American police adviser, up to eighty per cent of their activities under the Diem régime were political—not against Communists but against Diem's other opponents. They are identified not with protection but with oppression.

Behind Washington's talk of vigorously carrying on the war is the bitter conviction by many here that it cannot now be won. It may not be lost, but it cannot be won. And if that is the case, so the rationalization goes, it was always foolish to expect a clear-cut solution, and it is enough now to hold on. Those who uphold this theory also seek comfort in the conclusion that because of helicopters, air support, amphibious tractors, and the rest, there can never be an American Dienbienphu.

If by a Dienbienphu is meant the sort of shattering military victory that the Vietminh won through a single battle, this is almost certainly true. But there are many other things that the Vietcong can do, and are doing, short of putting all their forty-five battalions together for one major blow. There could be political and psychological Dienbienphus, and there are signs that they are in the making. The alarming increase in anti-American terrorism in Saigon and the Vietnamese reaction to it are two indicators. The desperate crisis of confidence in the delta, where three-fifths of the South Vietnamese population lives, is another. There is talk now of abandoning—only temporarily, of course—some of the more hopeless delta regions and concentrating the withdrawn forces for more intensive "meat grinder" operations closer to Saigon. The French tried this tactic, and it only accelerated the processes of decay. If the day comes when the population believes that the Saigon government, with all its American support, cannot provide security but is only a barrier to peace, the U.S. position simply will not remain tenable under circumstances the American people would accept.

If there were any grounds for believing that the situation now has reached its lowest point and that the deterioration can be checked without a further and different American effort, the plan to carry on the war for years more might do well enough. Unfortunately, the bottom has not been reached. Orders are still not flowing into the provinces from Saigon. Even now, during the dry season, the initiative remains with the Vietcong. What they may do in the wet season, when weather and conditions on the ground are all against the government forces and their American equipment, is cause for real concern. There are few provincial capitals in the delta that the Vietcong cannot take and hold at least overnight. North toward the 17th parallel, where their regular forces are concentrated but rarely used, there are signs that the Vietcong may be preparing to take advantage of mountain and forest cover to use larger forces, perhaps of regimental size, in assault and ambush.

The real burden of the war in its most vital sector south of Saigon falls on the III Corps. But instead of the leaders being chosen now for their willingness and capacity to

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pursue the war against the Vietcong, the criterion is loyalty to General Nguyen Khanh, leader of the January coup.

The National Liberation Front is understandably delighted. The tone of the speeches at its second national congress, held during the first week of January either near Tay Ninh, the seat of the Cao Dai religious-political movement, or in the maquis northwest of Saigon, was one of supreme confidence. Chairman Nguyen Huu Tho, a former Saigon lawyer, called it a "congress of winners." The 150 delegates, representing a long list of front organizations, heard thirty reports dealing with activities during the previous two years. Though the idea of a coalition government was stressed, most speakers did not really sound as if they thought one would be necessary. Noticeably absent was the usual warning about a long drawn-out war that Ho Chi Minh always sounded at Vietminh congresses during the struggle with the French. This was a message from men who scented victory in the air.

THIS IS NOT to suggest that all is hopeless now, though there are qualified men who freely express just such an opinion. Nor does the situation call for an all-out American war here, with all that it might involve. American-dictated guarantees of political stability, the American right of veto over such reckless and disastrous ventures as Ngo Dinh Nhu's mass production of strategic hamlets—in short, full American participation at the command level—could provide a shield behind which South Vietnam might be able to build up its strength to a point where at least negotiations for a cease-fire could be conducted from a position of equality or near equality. But there are no short cuts. To destroy Haiphong's port and other installations by bombing, or to carry the war in other ways to North Vietnam out of frustration here in the south, cannot alter the fact that the Vietcong, an almost exclusively southern organization but directed and assisted by the Communist North, has all but won in the field. And what has been won in the field is unlikely to be conceded at the conference table.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

After the Revolution

OSCAR LEWIS

Getting people to tell their own story in their own words is the technique of Oscar Lewis, a professor of anthropology at the University of Illinois. In his remarkable book The Children of Sánchez, *Lewis distilled from hundreds of hours of personal interviews and thousands of feet of tape recordings a moving chronicle of life in the slums of Mexico City. The same profound sympathy and painstaking scholarship have gone into the making of his next book,* Pedro Martínez, a Mexican Peasant and His Family, *which will be brought out by Random House later this month. For twenty years Lewis has been visiting the village of Azteca, south of Mexico City, to study the life of a peasant family. In this excerpt from the new book, an old man recalls the turbulent times forty-five years ago when the Mexicans were still fighting and refighting their Revolution.*

WHEN WE RETURNED to Azteca after the Revolution, there was nothing here. The streets were completely deserted and choked up with weeds. That year, in January, 1919, it had rained four days and four nights. We said it was the deluge. That's why everything was covered with weeds and plants. It was like a forest. My house was overgrown, too, but we began to live in it right away.

The people who had stayed on here, those who didn't take up arms, were the ones who benefited from the situation. I went off to the Revolution because of an ideal, to follow Zapata. Naturally, there was no gain in it for me. But a number of those who stayed behind took things that didn't belong to them. They had

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cleaned out my house, appropriated everything!

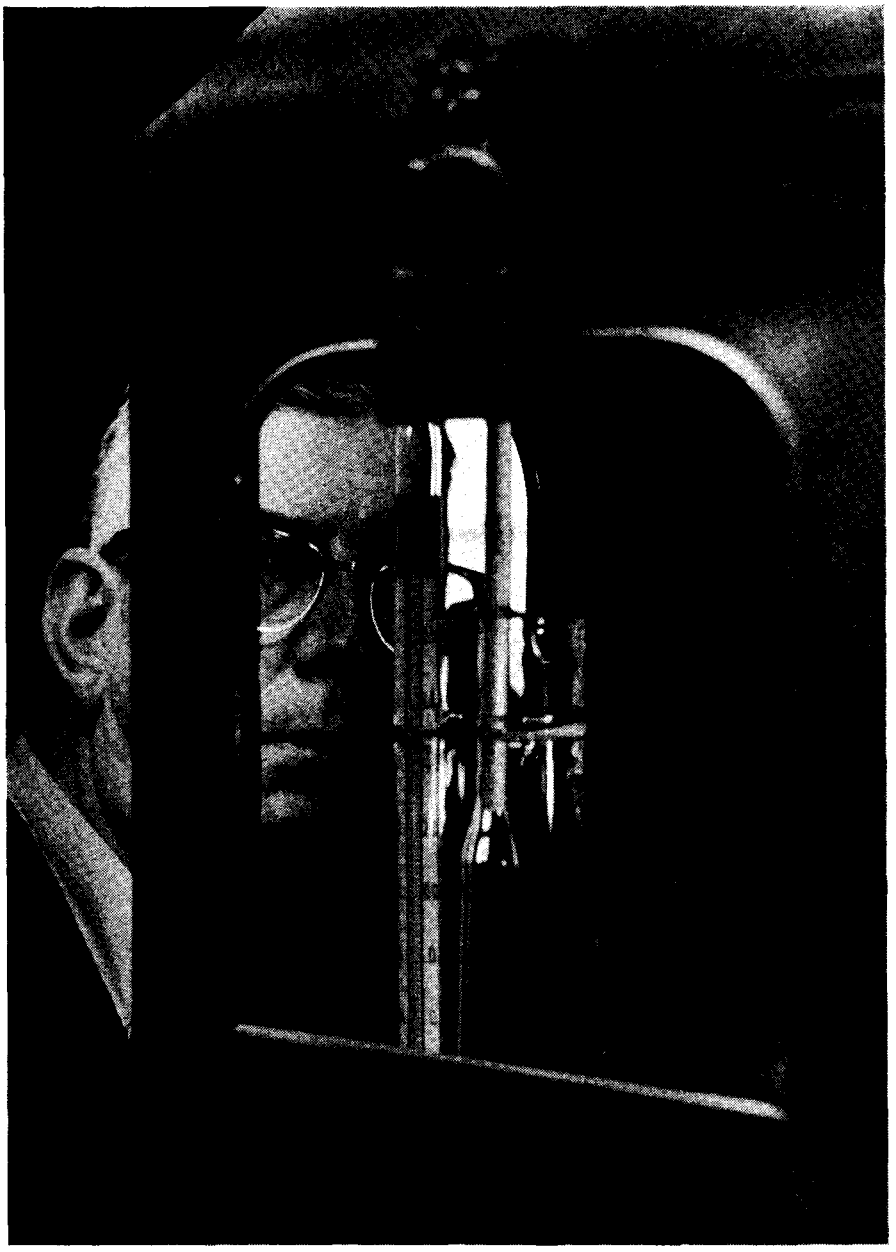
Most of the people who had fled still hadn't returned. There were no more caciques in Azteca. All those powerful families who once ruled over us were now part of the Aztecan colony in Mexico City. Then, little by little, my neighbors and relatives and even the sons of the ex-caciques began to come back. We had all been scattered and now we began to live again. But there was no money, and men couldn't find work.

There was peace here, but for a long time I didn't go out of the house for fear of the Carrancista troops who were still stationed in the village. I had been a Zapatista rebel, so naturally I was afraid. Then we learned that Obregón had become a Zapatista, and all the poor and ragged of Azteca began to shout, "Now we are all comrades! Our General Obregón is a Zapatista, too. This is it, *compañeros.* The Revolution is over!"

I was happy and went out to see the people shouting. They said, "Don't be afraid, comrade, now we are all Zapatistas. The very government has turned." Carranza had fled and was killed and now Obregón was the President of the Republic.

AFTER THAT, things began to change in Azteca. The state governor sent Colonel Jesús Montoya to be our municipal president. Being energetic and a man of tactics and representing the governor, Montoya tried to win over the people. But as he came in uniform, we were all afraid of of him. He began to call us together. He went on horseback, rounding up the people. But I did not go to the first meeting. They told me that this Montoya was giving us a lot of assurances and saying that there was no reason to be afraid any more and that anyone who tried to kill an Aztecan would die. I could hardly believe it. "Just politics," I said. "I'm not going."

Well, little by little, he convinced us and finally we went. He encouraged us and even defended us from a colonel who still wanted to suspend our civil liberties. He was about to hang a Zapatista but Montoya came running out with his pistol and stopped him. The colonel left Azteca, but some men were already



JACK DANIEL'S DISTILLER watches over our whiskey just as his father and uncle before him and Mr. Jack before them did it.

We have several gauges in our still house. And our distiller uses them, especially this whiskey safe where the whiskey trickles out. But mostly he tells things are going right by listening, smelling, tasting—*feeling out the run.* You see, he holds that instinct and experience can never be replaced by instruments in any step of making whiskey. Compare a sip of Jack Daniel's, and we believe you'll agree.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

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waiting for him and he was ambushed and killed. After that we believed in Montoya and went to work to improve things. We began to clean the streets and whitewash the chapels. He even organized dances! There wasn't any music, just a mandolin and a small guitar, but he would say, "Come on, dance! There is nothing to be afraid of any more."

But there we were, naked and embarrassed. We had already worn out our old clothes and there were no new ones. So he said to us, "Look, boys, aren't you ashamed to be going around like that? The forest is yours. Go on and make charcoal. Get to work. Enough is enough! Forget the Revolution. What's done is done! Whoever is dead is dead. Those that are left are left! So go on, get to work. Make charcoal and go sell it. If you can't sell it, I will buy it myself. I have axes, saws, and everything here. I will give them to you. So, now get to work."

Fine, but not I. I was still afraid. I did not go, and as a matter of fact I didn't know how to burn charcoal. I held back but my relatives asked me to come along. "Come on, man, come on! What's wrong with you, boy? You have to learn how to burn charcoal."

I had an old ax, an awful one that didn't even cut any more. I said, "What, me with my old ax?" But I wouldn't beg for another one.

Well, I filed my old ax and went along with them. That's necessity for you! My relatives helped me set up and fire my first kiln. As I didn't know how to take care of it, the wood burned up. The second one came out all right.

And so we got to work in earnest. Once we were there we forgot all about selling the charcoal to Colonel Montoya. We sold it to whomever we pleased. There were a lot of us. The whole village became charcoal burners. We practically cut down the forests at that time. We piled up our charcoal and then we carried it ourselves, for there were no animals. So it was up onto our backs and over the mountain to the railroad station.

The charcoal sold for twenty-five centavos a sackful. In four trips I made a peso. I felt I was earning a lot of money. And while I made the trips, I had my own little kiln in the forest burning more charcoal. We got no less than fifty or sixty pesos a week from one kiln. Whew! I felt I was rich. And there were no taxes then; there was only a provisional government, not a constitutional one like now.

We were able to dress ourselves and we finally began to eat decently. Now we began to come back to life. After that, the next most important thing was to get drunk once more! I said to myself, "Now I'm back on my feet. Now I've straightened myself out. Goodbye, *guerrero!* I'm never going back. This is the place. The forest has brought me my freedom!"

And so I kept on prospering more and more. I realized that I myself was destroying the forest but everyone was doing it and, well, man! I wanted a bit to eat, too.

About eighteen months went by when the sons of the ex-caciques, those damned Aztecans who lived like drones, wanted to get rid of Montoya. They said, "Why should an outsider be ordering Aztecans around? We have had enough!"

Then they showed their claws. Whew! The things they didn't blame him for! And as always, the humble people of Azteca remained meek and silent, even though they had reason to speak up, for Montoya had helped them. But nobody said a word. Poor Montoya said, "Aztecans! Say something! Speak up! Say it to my face. What harm have I done you?"

But who was going to answer? We were just beginning to get over our timidity, but not to the point where we would demand proof. Not that! Bah! Anyway, they put in Don Hesiquio Olivares as municipal president. Although he was one of their own, he went around ragged, with the seat of his pants out, peddling chewing gum, but by the end of the year he had built a house, and a fine one, too. He got rich. Yes, sir! I kept my eye on him. He was president for two years and that was enough for him.

It all came out of the forest. At that time, a carload of charcoal paid the *municipio* ninety pesos. Well, there was a lot of money coming in. Three or four and sometimes five and even six carloads a week went out. There you have it! The caciques got rid of Montoya in order to exploit the forest themselves. Two ex-caciques, Don Luís and Alfredo Núñez, were contractors and they brought in outside laborers from Toluca to make charcoal for them. These outsiders began to cut down trees, little thin ones, starting from the railroad station on down. They soon ran into me. I was in the way and they went right over me and my kiln as if I was nobody.

I said, "All right, now, why are you covering over my wood?"

"We'll get ours out of the way very soon because by tomorrow it will be charcoal."

My kiln took long to be ready because I cut down only big trees. They cut young ones which became charcoal the very next day.

I said to them angrily, "Look, who brought you people here? Something has to be done about this. You'll see!"

Well, about two weeks later, Azteca rose up and the foreigners were all put in jail. Neither Don Luís nor Alfredo was in the village any more. They ran away. They got rich from the forests and took off for the capital. After that the other contractors didn't bring workers from outside. They used only us Aztecans. Yes, they were the ones who wanted to exploit the forest. I and others, like Nacilifrando, Refugio Gutiérrez, and the Herrera brothers, were against the cutting down of the forests. But we just looked on as we couldn't say a word. The people weren't awakened yet.

In those days I didn't know a thing about politics or about elections, but in 1920 they appointed me president of a voting booth. It was the duty of the presidents of the voting booths to go to the electoral college, which was in the school. We went to elect a new president for the electoral college. It was his job to count the votes and mark them on the blackboard. The watchers had the right to see the votes and count them along with him. Well, we were fools, you know! The count of the votes from Azteca, the municipal seat, was finished and Victor Condé, an honest candidate, was ahead. Then came the surrounding villages of the *municipio*. Well, the votes from Santa María arrived. They were just tied up, not in a ballot box or anything,

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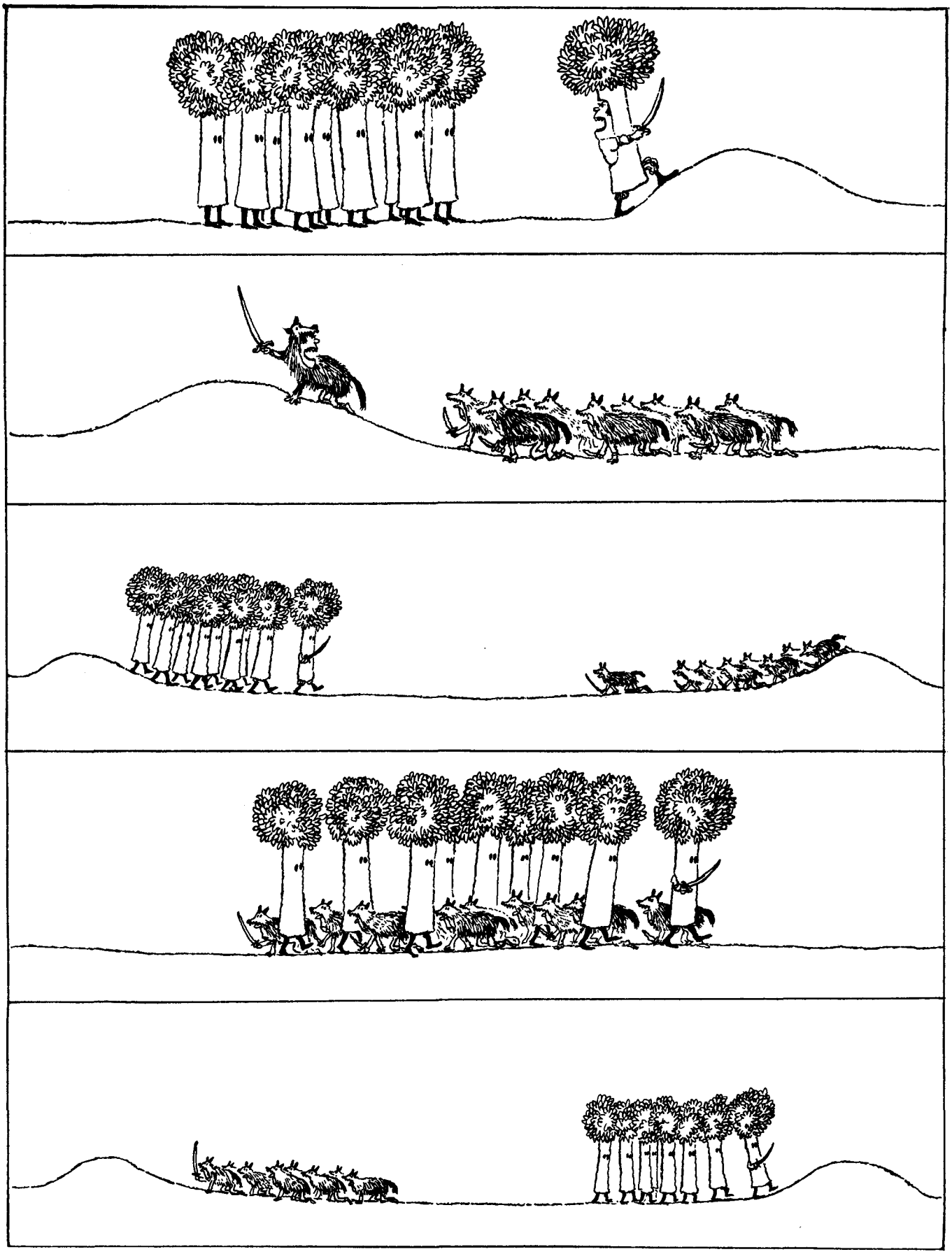

Secret Weapons by Fernando Krahn

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just a package. So the president asked, "What do you say? Does this pass or not? The way they delivered it is illegal." We should have said no, that they weren't valid, but all of us fools said, "Yes, let it pass." Well, all of Santa María was for Zúñiga, our opponents' candidate. Nothing but votes for Zúñiga! So he won. That's why I said it was half-crooked. There were six councilmen in those days and they were all the sons of caciques—Prudencio Barra, Valentín Quiroz, Serafín Zúñiga, Emiliano Orfila, Nacilifrando Muñoz, and one other.

Nacilifrando was the son of a cacique but he was with us. He, too, wanted to save the forests for the villagers. Then we heard that two Aztecans in the colony in Mexico City were also demanding the preservation of the communal forests. They were Carlos Omega and Tranquilino Herrera. Carlos was a member of the Typographical Union and of the CROM, the Regional Confederation of Mexican Workers. Later he and Tranquilino even came to Azteca to help us.

The day finally came when the people began to do something about putting a stop to the uncontrolled cutting down of the trees. When they saw that the municipal forests were being ruined, some of them stopped making charcoal. I fired my last charcoal oven at that time. We all got together and really showed our claws. We tried to close down the forest. Our opponents, the *centrales,* called us the *bolcheviques* because of our stand in defense of our forests. That's when "bolshevism" first appeared in our village.

AT FIRST, we thought the word *"bolchevique"* was a dirty word, but then we were told that we should not resent it because it meant "union." And when we asked why the CROM flag was black and red, they told us what happened in Chicago. Man! They told us that in Chicago there was a rich *hacendado* and there was a lot of slavery because they worked more than twelve hours a day. And so the peasants organized against the rich to demand only eight hours of work. They asked the government to support them, but instead the government came and killed them, almost all of them. It was a big massacre. So they lost because all their leaders were finished off, but after a time, they grew again and then they won. The peasants prevailed and eight hours of work was established and then they became workers. The flag is black and red, to mourn the blood that flowed at that time. That's what they told us.

People said that the members of the CROM were socialists. It is true that the CROM leaders taught us that we, too, were going to work only eight hours a day; that there was going to be a fight for justice, or against injustice; that there should be equality, so that a man of high standing and a huarache-wearer would be equals.

And then, they told us, those who had wealth were going to share it with those who did not. At that

time, a certain man who was director of a school in Cuernavaca would preach to us and give us pamphlets.

He said, "We are going to reach a point where money will go out of use. Then you peasants are going to plant and that will be only the beginning. It will be the same with the worker; he will make the clothes and all the other things that workers make. The workers and the peasants will be the most important men. Then it will be, 'You give me your seeds, and I will give you clothing. You give me this and I'll give you that in exchange.'

"A time will come when everything will be stored. All the churches will be turned into warehouses. Everything the peasant produces will be brought there and an inspector will come, or maybe two or three inspectors, to inspect and to say how the fields are. This will happen in every area where there are peasants. The inspectors come and write down how much you spend each day and how much you earn. That's how they get their statistics and check up on you.

"We all have to eat the same. Whether you are intelligent or poor, you eat the same and dress the same. That is the slogan of Russia. So we are going to be like that. They give you everything there. The government is also going to make the houses. Everything the same! The landowners who are rich now will have their lands taken away from them and they will be given to the poor to work. The rich will work also and everything will be stored up."

THAT IS WHAT they told me in 1921, in the CROM, that is. Well, we believed it.

"All right. It sounds fine to us that way." But the rich people interpreted it badly and that's why they didn't like us.

They said, "What do you mean, give them half of what we have? That is impossible!" That's why they began to get angry, because this version began to go around.

Some said, "But how can I take anything away from others? Wouldn't I be ashamed to eat what doesn't belong to me?" or "Pscht! Who knows how long it will take for this to come about, if ever!"

The thing we all said was that we wanted justice. We were promised by all of them, the CROM, the governor, and all the men over there in the capital, the ones they call intellectuals, the ones who understand everything or who are supposed to. They promised to defend us in every way. The only thing was that we shouldn't do anything violent. That is what they preached to us, that if there were an injustice or wrong accusation against a person, they would stand up and defend us.

What those fellows were telling us was all a lie! I don't know how things are in Russia, but it did not happen like that in Mexico. Of course not! Nothing happened! Here it is still a matter of money, and that's the end of justice. Money talks. Every time. But in those days we believed all the promises.

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 99

by HENRY ALLEN

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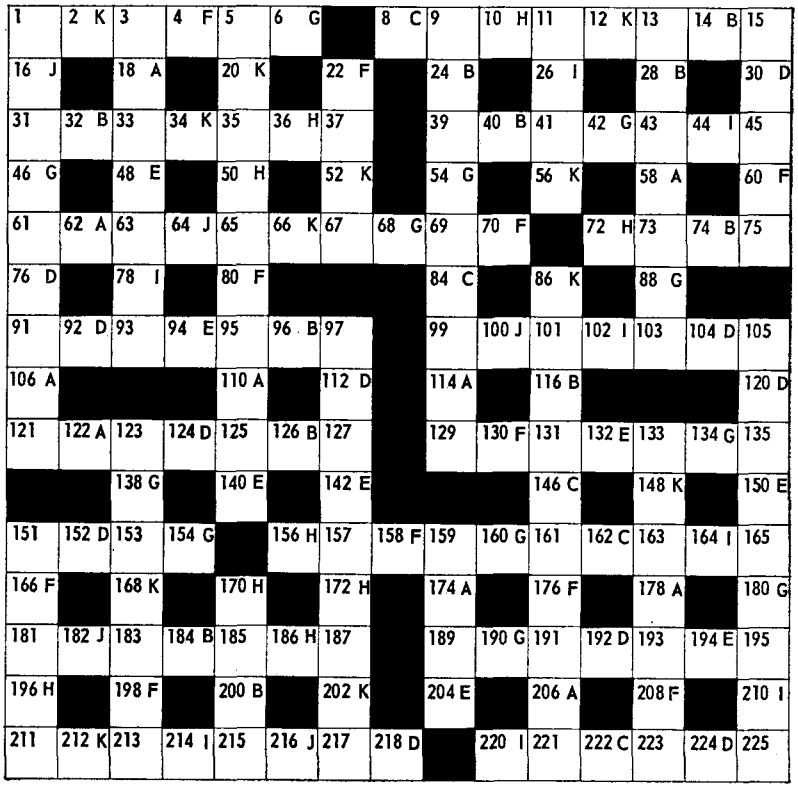
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A
62 122 18 110 114 106 178 174 58 206 An arrantly neglectful person (4,6).

B
200 32 116 14 28 96 126 184 40 24 74 Unhappy circumstance (3-8).

C
8 84 146 162 222 "_____d'armes." Fencing master's establishment.

D
104 92 30 192 218 76 124 224 112 152 120 How many oysters remained after the Walrus and the Carpenter finished their feast (7,4).

E
204 48 140 194 142 132 150 94 One who walks in a proud way.

F
80 70 208 22 4 198 130 166 158 176 60 "_____cannot make a writer. There must be a man behind the book." Goethe, "Representative Men" (6,5).

G
68 134 46 42 190 6 160 88 54 154 180 138 British drama, collectively (7,5).

H
72 172 36 156 170 196 186 10 50 "I am not a_____, but an American," Patrick Henry, Speech, Sept. 1774.

I
164 78 220 102 26 210 44 214 "Beware of_____to a quarrel." Shakespeare, "Hamlet."

J
64 100 16 216 182 "Clarum et venerabile _____/ Gentibus." Lucan, "Works."

K
12 168 52 212 148 66 86 34 202 2 20 56 Violent weeping (cliché) (5,2,5).

ACROSS

1. Servants of the Lord have a common negative on board.
8. Metrics with tins and particles.
31. Irish coats for wear when the wind rustles things about.
39. Golf club begins as pen part and ends as salt for stock.
61. Bailiwick of the Acrostician (5,5).
72. Five complete and sell.
91. A bit to bring out.
99. The cod uses a ruse and pursued the game.
121. As ready as a melancholy date—1939, for example (3,4).
129. Is there a slant at the way one is leaping?
151. Gal in Siam who was in studies of human nature.
156. Will he grope, old as he is, this able assistant? (4,6).
181. Shipping magnate holds a donkey.
189. Giant footprint even Lestrade might have noticed (3,4).
211. What the other fellow's grass is, in the way. Do you agree, Nestor?
220. Biblical example of industry other than he (3,3).

DOWN

1. These lawbreakers are conceited at first.
3. The moment is a singular 1 across and a little night.
5. Dark tea? Enter the Gallup man! (5-5).
9. Shrinks legal undertakings.
11. Wedding announcements up for grabs.
13. What a Frenchman might say at the locale of a Scottish monster, with frigidity to boot.
15. Is 'e dank? No, bare.
22. Fabulist in a pose (alt. sp.).
86. Uncut, as a kind or mirror (4-6).
97. Reptiles with a legal wrong at first.
105. Cleaning substance which may discourage a gentleman.
123. A netted fish may be toothed.
133. Take a lump a la mode for a Roman bottle.
151. No gal can be parallel.
159. Five hundred sailors in small bits.
170. As (1,3) a confession, as (2,2) statement of presence.

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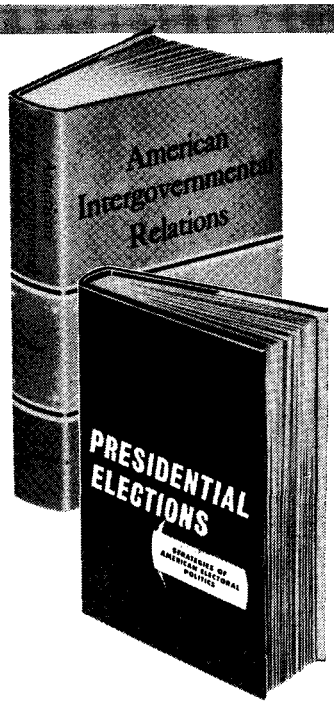

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SCRIBNERS

The Meaning of Silence

TOM F. DRIVER

THE AMERICAN production of *The Deputy,* Rolf Hochhuth's famous play about the Papacy and the Nazis, has been launched with the force of a rocket. Even before blast-off it drew fire from several anti-missile strongholds, and later it attracted the shots of more, including the Archdiocese of New York. Now that the missile is in trajectory, the only question is what target it will hit.

The Deputy will not succeed in blasting the reputation of Pope Pius XII, if that is what was intended. Nor is it likely, under the circumstances, to touch that more important mark, the public conscience. Where it will have an effect, however, is on the box office of the Brooks Atkinson Theatre.

The phenomenon of this production, hastily mounted by producer-director Herman Shumlin and following in the wake of controversy touched off by the play in Europe, does not evoke much admiration. It does not, in my opinion, fairly represent the play that Hochhuth wrote. Meanwhile half the public shouts angry defenses of Pope and Church, while the other half luxuriates in a "confession" of corporate "sin," safe in the knowledge that no one can be punished for *that.* A sort of merchandising of guilt is going on. Some people are buying and others are trying to sell. The theatre owner makes a profit either way.

SOME of the blame for this debacle belongs to Hochhuth, who wrote a script so long that those producing it on stage have had to cut it substantially. But a larger share of the blame must be addressed to the producer. As written, the play, while by no means a great drama, is interesting and subtle. In this production, it has become simply an anti-Catholic tract of almost no subtlety.

The published text of *The Deputy* (Grove Press, $5.95) is larger in scope. It shows not only the response of various Catholics and the Vatican to Hitler's *Endlösung;* it shows also the face of that evil as it appeared in the behavior of Eichmanns, Krupps, SS men, and other people. We see Jews being rounded up for the death camps. We see them reaching their destination. We see the anguish in them and the anguish of another sort in their persecutors. All the while the question grows: Who speaks for man? Why doesn't someone whom the whole world can hear name this evil for what it is?

The play is designed so that in its fourth act this question can be carried to the Vicar of Christ. But Hochhuth's Pope cannot answer it clearly. He is the head of an institution, and he has a duty to see that the institution survives. All his calculations, including his underestimation of the evils being done to the Jews and his fear that Bolshevism is a greater menace than Nazism, are based on that duty. His morality is not that of an individual but of a corporate body with branches in many nations, and for that reason it is equivocal.

The protagonist of the play is Father Riccardo Fontana, a young Jesuit. His Jesuit training must have been somewhat lacking, for he is unable to understand one of the first principles of ethical theory—namely, that the morality of a group cannot equal that of an individual. He speaks more like a young St. Francis, who once suggested, as Riccardo does, that perhaps the Pope should be martyred.

If Pius XII, in Hochhuth's play, finds the language of "responsible restraint" coming too quickly to his lips, Riccardo is a hothead. When Riccardo at last realizes that the Pope will not speak unambiguously, he pins a Star of David to his soutane in the very presence of the Holy Father. Later he rides one of the Jew-trains to Auschwitz, where he dies a Jew's death. His is the freedom, the courage, and the martyrdom of a heroic individual, and it puts the morality of the hierarch to shame.

At Auschwitz, nevertheless, the question of silence is carried be-

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Solution to

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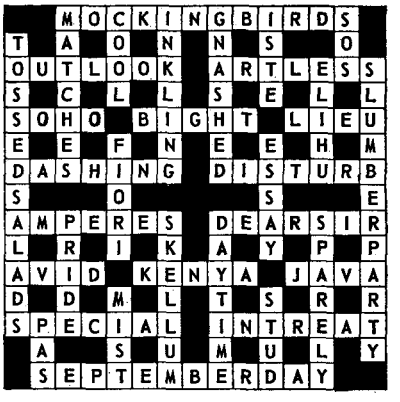
Puzzle #98

Acrostician—

JOMO KENYATTA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yond the Pope. The fifth act is concerned with the silence of God. Auschwitz is a machine run by diabolic minds. Its purpose is to prove that Man the Destroyer can challenge God the Creator with impunity. Forced to work at the gas chambers, Riccardo says he felt as if he were "burning God." He is taunted by the doctor in charge of the killings (based on the actual Josef Mengele):

RICCARDO: Why . . . why? Why do
you do it?
DOCTOR: Because I wanted an answer!
And so I've ventured what no man
has ever ventured since the
beginning of the world.
I took the vow to challenge the Old
Gent,
to provoke him so limitlessly
that He would have to
give an answer. . . .
Well, hear the answer: not a peep
came from Heaven, not a peep
for fifteen months,
not once since I've been
giving tourists
tickets to Paradise. . . .
The truth is, Auschwitz refutes
creator, creation, and the creature.
Life as an idea is dead.

These lines are not spoken in the acted version, for very nearly all of the act in which they occur has been cut. Where Hochhuth's play is basically a questioning work, Herman Shumlin's jaundiced adaptation turns it into a diatribe. (The playbill says Jerome Rothenberg did the adaptation, but Shumlin has publicly assumed credit for it.) The aim of the adaptation is to accuse the Pope of cowardice. The picture it draws perpetuates two gross illusions about history: first, that the famous men of history may be divided into sheep and goats because their moral choices are simple; second, that the Roman Catholic Church has enormous power which it uses more often on behalf of the goats than the sheep. In this way, history is turned into melodrama. If I read Hochhuth's play correctly, however, one of its main points is that although history sometimes looks like cheap melodrama, its reality is something more complex.

It has been suggested that the German people may be pleased with

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this play because in impugning the Pope for his silence it exonerates them for theirs. On the contrary, I think the intention of the play was to show that the buck cannot be passed. In the play it is handed all the way up to God, who in His silence refuses to accept it. If, instead of seeing that point, the audiences of *The Deputy* prefer to hurl accusations at one another, there is nothing to stop them. But let them not imagine they are in that way helping mankind to avoid a repetition of the evils they deplore.

THE PRODUCTION of *The Deputy* in New York suffers not only from a butchered script but also from bad casting and, I am sorry to say, slovenly direction. Moreover, the stage designs are impractical. The evening displays no unity but merely a series of effects thrown together for the occasion. Only the performance of Emlyn Williams as Pius XII is worth remembering, and that not because it is character creation but skilled caricature. The interest of this production does not reside in what we see on stage, which is flat, but from facts and ideas extrinsic to the theatrical event. It need not have been so.

•

The Editor's Postscript

The Deputy *is such a unique, stirring subject that I think it is not enough simply to publish the review in which our theatre critic expresses his opinion both on the New York production and on the full script from which it has been carved.*

In New York these days, as in a number of other cities before, widespread and obsessive discussions are going on over the play and the book. Both probably might have been better. But, every attempt that has been made to describe and re-create what happened to those six million people has been convulsive and futile. That horror goes beyond the power of any medium that has been or that might be called upon to reproduce it.

The judicial process, in the Eichmann trial, brought no catharsis; nor can the theatre—the classic instrument for bringing an audience to relive human suffering and gain release from it. I think that even

"If a nation expects to be ignorant and free, in a state of civilization, it expects what never was and never will be."
THOMAS JEFFERSON

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history will ultimately fail. The destiny of those six million human beings cannot possibly be assessed: not in terms of any individual instance and not in the cumulative impact. There is no way to relegate that horror to the past; the past cannot hold it. It cannot be disposed of.

This is why the attempts at disposal have to be made over and over again; again and again a man will be singled out in whom, because of his action or inaction, the guilt can be centered. The attempt failed when it was thought that the protagonist could be found in that wretched little bureaucrat called Eichmann, as it has failed now that so eminent a man as a late head of the Catholic Church has been indicted for inaction. These failures in no way exonerate any man whose responsibility can be ascertained. But should someone ever try, through any medium, to embody the total guilt in Adolf Hitler, the most responsible of all, even that attempt would fail. No man ever loved evil so passionately, but such a complete dedication to evil went beyond any human measure. Certainly Hitler was Satanic; but how can one prove that he was Satan, and how can men be relieved of the knowledge that he was one of them?

Together with the millions of his victims, Hitler will haunt mankind forever since both he and they have entered a realm that is outside time; they exist in a never-ending present, unappeasable witnesses to the fact that the unimaginable horror actually took place.

—M.A.

The Enemy

The enemy's a little pale guy, squats
Behind the breadbox outside the corner grocery
White-hot, for gentlest Jesus' sake,
angrier than the Saviour's blood

That by us Jewish kids was spilled
On Easter Sunday back in Warsaw once
When He, good priest, was sprinkling water round
Upon the matted heads of all His poor,
Too kind to see us Judas-smiling dandies inch
Toward his worn cassock ever closer. . . .

Ah, Jewish kid! come forth! come forth!
I Raymond and my three staunch Christian friends
Stanley, and John, and Ignatz, do declare
That you shall not escape our holy wrath
Until you have given us the loaf of bread
And thirteen cents that you now carry!

Proud schoolboy enemies, how we fought that day.
My bread was smashed and blackened, my coins lost in the mud.
Pale Raymond, here are milk-white loaves
And sparkling pennies (could I now unmake the years)
And a free round trip, with all expenses paid,
Back through the immortal past.
Oh, could enemies but crucify
Not Jesus Saviour, not Judas, not (Raymond) you or me
But sick Memory herself,
but foolish History!

—M. L. ROSENTHAL

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BOOKS

What We Remember

MOSES HADAS

HEBREW MYTHS: THE BOOK OF GENESIS, by Robert Graves and Raphael Patai. *Doubleday $4.95.*

If history is indeed, as Gibbon described it, the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind, then the purest epitome of unstylized history is myth. However much our raw myths have been sterilized by sophisticated and sensitive ancients or prettified by condescending moderns, both their starkness and their essential truth are unmistakable when we learn their vocabulary and syntax. We have long known that mythic genealogies represent tribal relationships and migrations and that marriages or murders of individuals signify tribal alliances or enmities or the introduction of new practices, such as the supplanting of the matrilinear by the masculine principle or of chthonic deities by Olympians. When Hesiod (and, we now know, his Asiatic source) tells of Kronos castrating his predecessor Ouranos, we understand that he is making in mythic language the point that Machiavelli makes in a more familiar idiom—a new prince must kill the offspring of his predecessor who might become his rivals. Schliemann was ridiculed for supposing that the *Iliad* had a basis in fact—until he provided tangible demonstration to justify his supposition; and in our own time Immanuel Velikovsky, who was maligned for making myth the basis for a cosmic hypothesis, appears to be approaching vindication. Even ostensible creations of individual fancy like Kubla Khan embody earlier materials that reflect serious history.

Myths, as the Messrs. Graves and Patai define the term in the first sentence of their Introduction, "are dramatic stories that form a sacred charter either authorizing the continuance of ancient institutions, customs, rites and beliefs in the area where they are current, or approving alterations." For enucleating early Greek religious outlooks and practices, the brilliant pioneering work of Jane Harrison has made myth a legitimate historical source. In Biblical study, myth could not be so fully or so freely exploited. The canonization of Scripture meant that early variants too crude or heterodox for canonization were lost or suppressed; and religious sentiment dictated gingerly handling of what might be extrapolated from the Bible. But now Akkadian and Ugaritic materials antedating the Biblical stories but obviously possessing some relationship to them, and the realization that certain post-Biblical books less scrupulously censored than those in the canon may preserve variant traditions coeval with those authorized in canonical books, make the study of Hebrew myth feasible and inviting to all but the most resolute fundamentalists. The process of "demythologization" advocated by Swiss Protestant theologians to safeguard the spiritual values of Scripture would seem to be essentially misguided; sensitive readers desiderate more rather than less poetry in sacred writings.

Variants and embellishments of Biblical materials contained in post-Biblical writings, apocryphal or rabbinic, have of course long been familiar and are fully and systematically presented in Louis Ginzberg's seven-volume *Legends of the Jews.* But the word "legends" suggests fanciful elaborations of Biblical materials, not matter which may at one time have had wider currency and even authority than the edited versions given exclusive validity in the Bible. This may be true of traditions reduced to writing as late as the Middle Ages. Except for the Assyrian records, the new increments from the Ancient Near East were not known when Ginzberg wrote, and it is these which are of the greatest help in resolving the mythic elements embedded or reflected in the Bible. Beside these newly recovered sources and the survivals in post-Biblical writings, certain Greek materials may now also be cited for the elucidation of Hebrew myth, not only by way of analogy but because Greek and Jewish materials sometimes derive from an identical source, some Greek myths being thinly disguised doublets of similar Jewish myths. The ancient world was a much cozier place than it was long imagined to be.

In *Hebrew Myths,* Graves and

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Patai exploit all these sources. The particular merit of the book is that it is at once pioneer and popular. Members of the academic Establishment may sometimes hazard opinions based on informed imagination without solid philological evidence, but would hesitate to write a general work on the subject for curious laymen, even on Greek mythology. Schools of interpretation are too diverse—how much weight is to be laid on primitive vegetation rituals, how much on archetypes of the collective unconscious?—and opinions must necessarily remain subjective to a degree. That is why we have no general treatments of Greek myth as satisfactory as those on Greek philosophy or Greek art.

Ten years ago the senior collaborator in the present work did write *The Greek Myths* in two volumes on a plan of his own. Each of 171 stories forms a unit, divided into three sections: an unexceptionable retelling of the story; citation of the ancient sources; and, printed in smaller type, the author's own exegesis of the story. Certain conservative critics took exception to the latter, but there was no deception, for the typographical differention advertised the commentary as Mr. Graves's own.

This same pattern is followed in *Hebrew Myths,* in which the material in Genesis is treated in sixty-one units similarly subdivided. Authorship was necessarily dual, for the range is too great for one man to encompass. Mr. Patai is doubtless responsible for the encyclopedic mass of Semitic scholarship, and Mr. Graves's hand is to be recognized by his occasional use of iconotropism (ancient misreading of a work of art) to explain the subversion of a myth, or in the suggestion that hallucinogenic drugs, specifically mushrooms, may explain the properties of the Tree of Life in the Garden of Eden, or in the assimilation of Abraham (and so ultimately of Jesus) to the specifications for the national hero laid down by Lord Raglan. The fine bits of verse in which cited prayers and oracles are rendered are unmistakably Graves—like his rephrasings in *The Nazarene Gospel Restored* or the melodic prayers and dirges and bits of folk poesy in *The Anger of Achilles.* Mr. Graves's iconotropism and mushrooms may be as right as his poetry; both are certainly suggestive. It may be the duty of a reviewer to warn the uninitiate that prudent scholars will demur at some of the approaches and conclusions of *Hebrew Myths,* but it is also his duty to invite them to look at an illuminating and attractive work of creative scholarship.

Readin', Ritin', And Rafferty

FRED M. HECHINGER

WHAT THEY ARE DOING TO YOUR CHILDREN, by Dr. Max Rafferty. *New American Library. $3.95.*

Should a satirist attempt to parody the style of Dr. Rafferty, he might well come up with a paragraph like this:

"If, as the example of California now gives promise, the errors and follies of an entire generation can now be terminated, and a whole new, brightly dawning day can now be ushered in, then truly this greatest profession of them all will go forward, hand in hand with the children whom it exists to serve and to love, and we will pass through the great iron door of the future, with America's destiny in our keeping, to lead proudly yet with humility, and in the most profound and meaningful sense, to sin no more."

There would be only one flaw: the paragraph actually *is* vintage Rafferty, fresh from *What They Are Doing to Your Children.* One of the things "they" are probably doing to *our* children is teaching them to write the Rafferty kind of prose; for Dr. Rafferty, despite his anti-teachers'-college stance on the campaign rostrum, is the product of American teacher education, including the education doctorate.

The matter of style assumes importance in an appraisal of Dr. Rafferty's views only because he makes so much of it in his critique of American education. Ever since Dewey and Freud, he charges with fervor, "they" just haven't taught children to read and write any more.

Dr. Rafferty gained nationwide

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fame—or notoriety—when he ran successfully for the California State Superintendency of Public Instruction in 1962. He campaigned on a platform that can best be described as that of the Four R's—Readin', Ritin', 'Rithmetic, and Rafferty, with a dash of virile Americanism for seasoning. He won, without any doubt, as a symbol of widespread, lingering dissatisfaction with and uncertainty about the quality of public education.

Many of the deficiencies of American schooling, which Dr. Rafferty attacked then as now, are well worth fighting against. His censure of English instruction without enough stress on grammar and reading, his objection to flabby textbooks and indifferent reading lists, his criticism of watered-down social studies that replace history, economics, and geography—all these are targets that deserve being fired at.

Unfortunately Dr. Rafferty is not a marksman. He only shoots off fireworks, and thus is more effective on the hustings than in reforming education. Much of this new volume is essentially a rewrite of his earlier book, *Suffer, Little Children*. Both are elementary hate-progressive-education primers. More sophisticated equivalents are the polemics by Arthur Bestor, John Keats, and Mortimer Smith. Both the contributions and the follies of progressive education have been thoroughly covered; and if anybody really wants to know what was right and wrong with one of American education's most revered, most maligned, and currently most completely disowned movements, Lawrence Cremin's fair and unsparing book *The Transformation of the School* makes Dr. Rafferty's effort at popularization redundant, to say the least.

THE real problem with the California firebrand is that his flame is not hot enough to kindle effective reform. Despite all the fanfare, Dr. Rafferty is just a conservative, steeped in the mores of American school administration. Although his political success has been spectacular, his rise through educational channels was quite conventional, including even eight years of teaching physical education.

Thus, while Dr. Rafferty wants to

A piece of the action from Newsweek:

"Berlitz Baedeker"

"Singer Caterina Valente refers to herself as 'a musical goulash.' Born in Paris of an Italian mother (who was educated in Russia) and an Italian father (who grew up in Sweden) she married a German juggler and now lives in Switzerland when she isn't wowing audiences on every continent. Right now, she is packing them in at New York's Persian Room, her first U. S. public appearance in eight years. Valente can say 'I only know six languages' in eleven languages."

From a recent Newsweek Music column.
A glimpse of how we read these days.
Have you read Newsweek lately?

Newsweek

*He Needs Help

The walls of Demetrios' house in the slums of Athens are cracked. Icy winds blow right on his face while he sleeps. His blanket is threadbare. He eats one meal a day—bread dipped in oil.

Demetrios' mother has tuberculosis and is hospitalized. His father, a rag man, earns $13 a month. Demetrios does not pray for a blanket or more food. He prays to grow up quickly so that he can help his parents.

XPEIAZETAI BOHΘEIA*

Love... friendship... hope Through Save the Children Federation, you, your group, your school can bring love, friendship and material benefits to a child like Demetrios. You will receive the photograph and story of the child you help and immediately begin a warm person-to-person relationship through an exchange of letters. Please fill in the coupon below so that a needy child in Greece, Korea, Lebanon, France, Italy, Finland, West Germany or Austria can look at the world with hope again.

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return to "the classics" and to give a more prominent place to American history and heroes, he appears either to know nothing about or to care little for the real currents of modern American education. It is incredible that the chief of America's largest public-school system—billed as a rebel, elected on a reform ticket—is so preoccupied with the battle against the late John Dewey that he makes no mention of such dramatic curriculum reform movements as those led by physicist Jerrold Zacharias, biologist Bentley Glass, the Carnegie Corporation's commission on mathematics, and a host of others.

Although Dr. Rafferty's antidote to progressive education is something he calls "education in depth," his only acknowledgment of the current reforms is the vague statement that "The new mathematics, geared to the Space Age, is already appearing on the scene." And even here, his praise is tempered with a faint damn: "It should be welcomed, its weaknesses analyzed and eliminated, and its strengths acknowledged." This sounds exactly like the cautious, status-quo-minded educational bureaucracy that Dr. Rafferty claims to despise.

He has no opinions on experimentation with television or with team teaching or with the ungraded school. He shows no apparent interest in the fascinating attempts of such men as Jerome Bruner to understand how children learn today.

He "covers" the integration battle with an undoubtedly honest affirmation that he hates race prejudice but opposes bus transfers of children out of their neighborhood schools. Not a word about the vital explorations, carried out in the big-city slums, of how to overcome the environmental handicaps of slum children.

Dr. Rafferty's training and conditioning won't wash out. He has become imbued with the jargon of many school administrators' handbooks. Thus, the rules of discipline "should be aimed constantly at the goal of establishing and maintaining a desirable learning situation in the school." And occasionally he is betrayed by unintentional humor: "Hire a boys' vice-principal to administer all male disciplinary programs and a girls' vice-principal to do the same with the female problems."

As an educational reformer, Dr. Rafferty appears to be on both sides of many controversies.

He starts out his chapter on discipline with a lot of he-man toughness, but his conclusion is what most educators in their right mind support: corporal punishment must be the exception rather than the rule.

He wants to take some of the tax burden off the backs of real-property owners and shift school support increasingly from local to state taxes. This is considered a move in the liberal direction. But he gives the conservatives something to cheer about by opposing Federal aid because he sees it as an invitation to Federal control. Well—not exactly. The aid is all right if it pays for better guidance or other "specifics."

DR. RAFFERTY is both for tenure and against it. He is for more money for education, but he is against waste—largely, it seems, against wasteful use of funds for recreation and school lunches. Probably his soundest idea is to cut down on the armies of educational administrators, but even there he fails to define clearly how many hierarchs are too many.

He fluctuates between bombastic exhortation ("The pedantic block must be dynamited from its present position athwart the mainstream of professional thought.") and what is best described as Nixon-Informal ("Now, don't go barging in and raising Hades . . ." or "Did you ever stop to think?" or "I've been in education for twenty-three years . . .").

It is difficult to follow the clarion call for a return to cultural values from a man who cites the popular success of *Abie's Irish Rose* as proof that the critics, who panned the show, were wrong. It is hard to give much weight to the demand for literary purism by a schoolman who writes: "We cannot do this [educate youths] by pretending among ourselves that eleven-year-old Johnny is the only Johnny with which we have to reckon."

The Rafferty line of thought and attack may have greater impact on California politics than on American education. One suspects that this would not distress Dr. Rafferty.

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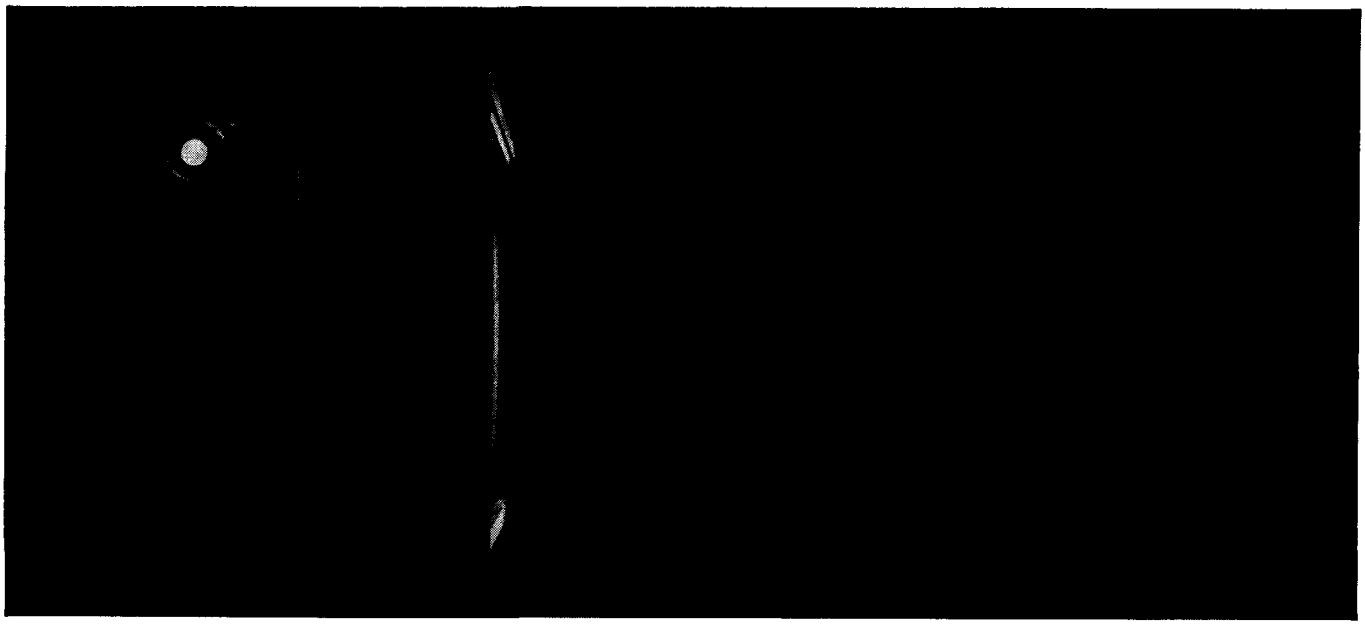

Inside this box you'll find a ticket to the World's Fair opening night, a front row seat at the "Oscar" presentations, a critic's-eye view of Vietnam, a look at the West that is, a free pass to the Moscow State Circus, a 400th birthday tribute to Wm. Shakespeare, and all kinds of other interesting things:

Some Television Programs of Special Interest in April

Vietnam: The Deadly Decision
Comprehensive examination of our position.
Wednesday, April 1 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Daniel Boone
Dramatized story of the pioneer efforts to open the West to settlement.
Fridays, April 3 & 10 (7:30-8:30 PM)

The Cowboys That Are
The workaday life at an Arizona ranch.
Sunday, April 5 (1-1:30 PM)

Johann Gutenberg
"Printing" from Stone Age to the present.
Saturday, April 11 (1-2 PM)

Issues and Answers
April 12: George Romney; April 19: Adlai Stevenson; April 26: John Glenn.
Sundays (1:30-2 PM)

The Church's Role in World Affairs
Viewpoint of the National Council of churches.
Sundays, April 12 & 19 (2-2:30 PM)

Moscow State Circus
1st TV appearance of U. S. touring company.
Sunday, April 12 (8-9 PM)

Carny
The story of the American carnival business.
Hostess: Sally Rand.
Sunday, April 12 (10-11 PM)

The "Oscar" Award Presentations
Host: Jack Lemmon. Presenters include: Anne Bancroft, Patty Duke, Gregory Peck.
Monday, April 13 (Beginning at 10 PM)

Opening Night of the N.Y. World's Fair
Host: Henry Fonda. Guides: Carol Channing Lorne Greene, Fred MacMurray.
Wednesday, April 22 (7:30-9 PM)

Profile of Huntington Hartford
Wednesday, April 22 (7:30-8 PM)

A Manual of Arms
Drama of affirmation of faith by three soldiers in battle.
Sunday, April 26 (2-3 PM)

Cameras Aloft, Secrets Below
Aerial photography in war and peace.
Sunday, April 26 (6:00-6:30 PM)

Shakespeare: Soul of an Age
Evocation of the Elizabethan era, with Michael Redgrave and Ralph Richardson.
Sunday, April 26 (10-11 PM)

Brinkley on Boxing
An inquiry into the state of the sport.
Monday, April 27 (10-11 PM)

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday to Friday: Today/Sunrise Semester

Wednesdays: CBS Reports/Chronicle

Thursdays: ABC News Reports

Fridays: The Great Adventure/That Was The Week That Was

Saturdays: Do you Know?/Exploring/ Watch Mr. Wizard

Sundays: Sunrise Semester/Camera Three/ Face the Nation/Discovery '64/Issues and Answers/ Sunday/Science All-Stars/College Bowl/The Twentieth Century/Meet the Press/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

NOTE: Times, programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

Television Information Office
666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y.

And you should see what you're going to get out of it next month.

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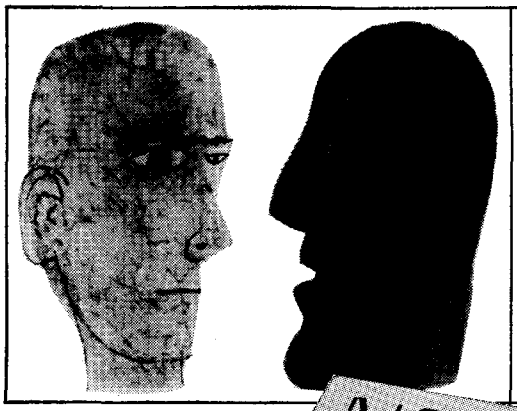
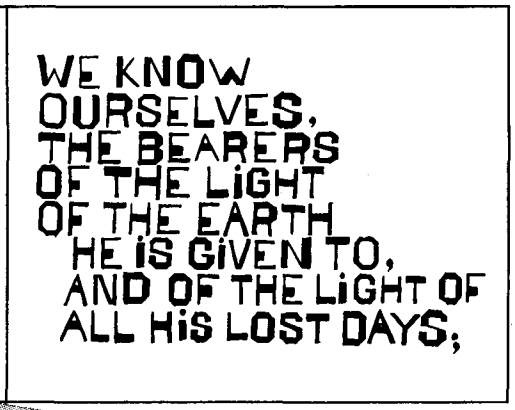
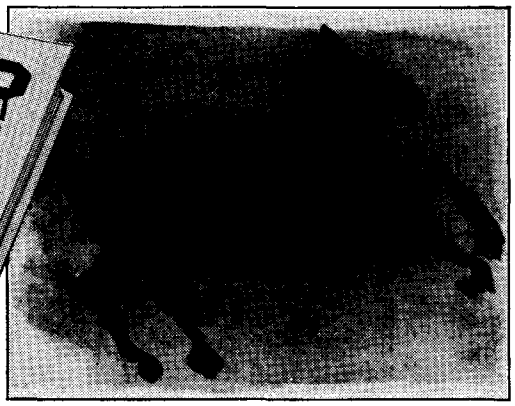
Remembering the day after President Kennedy's funeral... November Twenty-Six Nineteen Hundred Sixty-Three! It is the day after "the bugle and the rifles, the mourners turning away." But in our hearts we still grieve, feeling "the winter earth upon the body of the young president," remembering "the young dead body carried in the earth, into the first deep night of its absence." ● In New York, a young poet from Kentucky writes of his loss—of all our loss; his name, Wendell Berry. In New Jersey, a noted artist reads the poet's words and is profoundly moved; his name, Ben Shahn. And from this unpremeditated meeting of hearts and minds, a book is born, entitled simply: NOVEMBER TWENTY-SIX NINETEEN HUNDRED SIXTY-THREE. ● This unique, this beautiful book—at the very least a collector's item—is now on the press. Each right hand page contains a stanza of Mr. Berry's memorable poem, in Ben Shahn's own unexcelled calligraphy. And facing each stanza is a new Ben Shahn drawing inspired by the poem, while the book itself, designed by the artist, is enclosed in a lovely slip case.

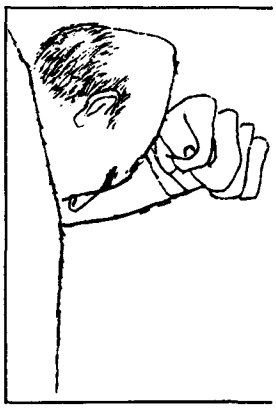




Drawings and calligraphy by **BEN SHAHN**

Poem by **WENDELL BERRY**





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